A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

# PSYCHO

T.M.

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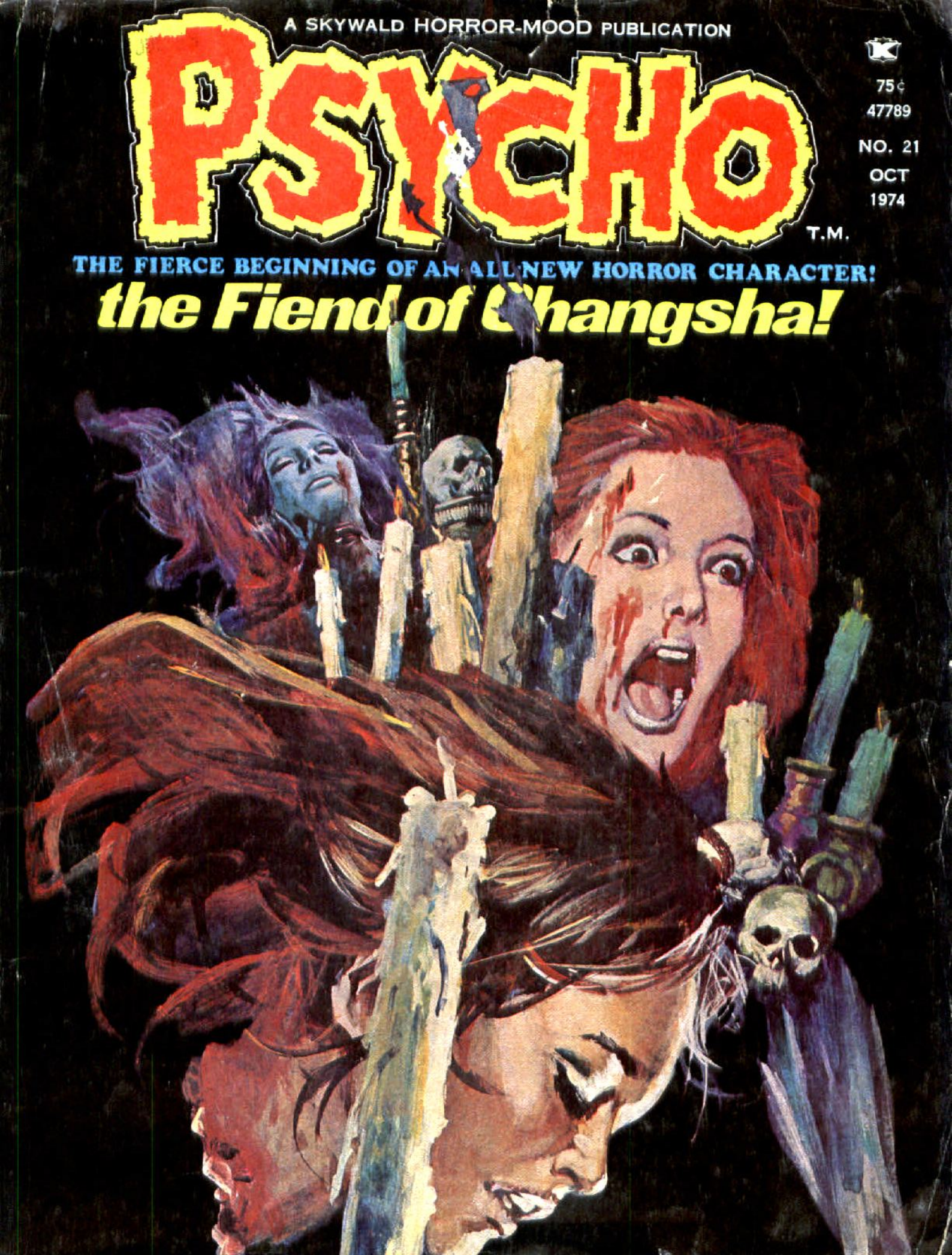
NO. 21
OCT
1974

THE FIERCE BEGINNING OF AN ALL NEW HORROR CHARACTER!

## the Fiend of Changsha!



# THE FIENDS OF THE HORROR-MOOD

Are unlike the fiends published in any other horror magazines, because they are NOT cliche monsters, they do NOT have cliche dialog and they do NOT run around in cliche situations. The HORROR-MOOD fiends are all original, all different, all unconventional and all fiendish! Something important to consider when you buy illustrated Horror Magazines — buy the magazines that are DIFFERENT and ORIGINAL - from the HORROR-MOOD GROUP!

*-at quality Horror-Mood newsstands-*

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

# PSYCHO

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON -

cover artist

PRIETO MURIANA

contributors

CARDONA LUIS COLLADO
GENE DAY JACK KATZ
CHULL SANKO KIM
PAUL PUEYO EDGAR ALLAN POE

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## THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA

Introducing brand new HORROR-MOOD artist CHULL SANHO KIM in this brutal tale of a DRACULA victim who has literally never even heard of either DRACULA or VAMPIRISM . . . page 4

## PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

Weird letters and paranoic previews of weird things to come are featured in these very, ultimately PSYCHOTIC LETTERS/EDITORIAL PAGES . . . pages 12 and 13

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The facts revolve around the non-death of one HYNOTIZED DEAD MAN — A tale only POE could have scripted . . .

## GLOOM BOMB

Whatever THE WEAPON WITHIN US is, it's destined to BLOW UP INSIDE OUR HEADS if we don't treat it and respect it with tender loving care — in this tale, one man DIDN'T . . . page 22

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Max is a nice guy, but he has a fierce, MURDEROUS STREAK in him that's well-expressed in this HORROR-WHOODUNIT . . . page 45



PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA.


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... NEAR **MIDNIGHT** AT THE PORT OF **NANHAI** IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, IN MARCH OF THE YEAR *1823*, A **CARGO VESSEL** DOCKS, AND ITS CREW DISEMBARKS, LEAVING ONLY ONE SAILOR ON GUARD-WATCH...

... WITHIN THE **RECESSES** OF THE SHIP THERE IS A GREAT **RUSH OF WIND**, AS HUGE BLUE-BLACK ***WINGS*** RIP THROUGH THE **AIR** AND **PROPELL** THE VILE **RABIES-RIDDEN BODY** OF A BEHEMOTH ***VAMPIRE BAT*** OUT THE **DECK HATCHES** INTO THE **NIGHT SKY**...

... THE SAILOR PAYS IT LITTLE ATTENTION, AS INDEED **NO-ONE** HAS PAID IT ANY ATTENTION DURING THE **LONG** VOYAGE FROM **LONDON IN ENGLAND** TO THIS **CHINA SEAPORT**, AND THOUGH THERE WERE MANY **STRANGE *DEATHS*** ON THIS TRIP, NO-ONE SUSPECTED THE GREAT **BAT** SECRETED AWAY IN THE **HOLD** BY **DAY**-ON THE **PROWL BY NIGHT**...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CHULL SANKO KIM

... THE MONSTER BIRD FLIES DUE **NORTH** SEVERAL HOURS, TILL ***DAYLIGHT*** FORCES IT TO TAKE **REST** IN A **GRAVEYARD**, JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF **CHANGSHA** -- THERE, AS IT LANDS, AN AWESOME ***CHANGE*** TAKES PLACE IN ITS **APPEARANCE**....

...HE IS ***DRACULA***...
LORD OF THE ***LIVING DEAD!***
MASTER VAMPIRE OF ALL ***EUROPE!***
IMPERIAL ***MONARCH*** OF ***WALLACHIA!***
WARLORD! ***FIEND!*** ***BARBARIAN!***
DESPOT OF THE UNDEAD LEGIONS OF HELL!

... *HE IS* ***DRACULA*** ...

# THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA!

THE SUN IS ALMOST UP -- I NEED A CRYPT, A TOMB, TO REST THE DAYLIGHT HOURS ...
... TONIGHT I WILL CONTINUE MY FLIGHT TO LIAOHSI TO SEE THE MANDARIN FU MANCHU!

※ COUNT DRACULA IS IN CHINA FOR GOOD REASONS, AS WILL BE TOLD IN THE SPECIAL TALE : KILLER FU MANCHU, TO BE PRESENTED SOON AS A 20 PAGE HORROR-MOOD BLOCKBUSTER!

— ARCHAIC EDITOR —

... A FLIGHT BENEATH THE EARTH AS THE SUN BECOMES BRIGHT, AND DRACULA RESTS HIS WEARY LIMBS ...
... ONE WHO DISCOVERS TO HIS HORROR HE IS NOT ALONE IN THESE HALLOWED GROUNDS --

... TILL NIGHTFALL, WHEN ONE DISTURBS THE EARTH WITH HIS NOISELESS FOOTFALLS -- ONE ON A SILENT MISSION OF DISCREET THEFT -- ONE COME TO ROB THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD!

A WESTERNER -- CHANTING OVER THE GRAVES -- IS HE A MADMAN?
I NEED FOOD -- IN ALL THIS GRAVEYARD THERE MUST BE A DISCIPLE OF THE LIVING UNDEAD --
-- WHOM I CAN CALL UP TO DO MY BIDDING...
... WHOM I CAN DRAIN OF CURSED BLOOD, AND THUS SATIATE MY NEEDS!

HE SEEMS IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE -- WHAT CAN HE BE DOING? -- PRAYING TO THE DEAD? PERHAPS HE IS A GRAVEROBBER AS I -- NO, WHAT GOOD WOULD THIS STRANGE CEREMONY DO? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WESTERN WAYS -- I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS MAN -- UNLESS HE BE MAD!
COME TO ME, MY DISCIPLES -- RISE UP FROM THY GRAVES AND OBEY THE CALL OF THY MASTER -- DRACULA CALLS YOU!

YOU!
I MUST FLEE-- IF HE'S MAD HE MAY ATTACK ME !
AHH!
HOLD MAN-- I WOULD ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS--
WHAT QUESTIONS ?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE WORD--VAMPIRISM?
NO! NOW LET ME FREE !
YOU DO NOT? VAMPIRISM IS FOREIGN TO CHINA? THERE ARE NO VAMPIRES IN CHINA?
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU SPEAK OF!-- LET ME FREE NOW !
THE MORE I TRAVEL THE WORLD THE MORE I MARVEL AT IT'S UNIVERSAL STRANGENESS-- OBVIOUSLY THIS MAN IS A CRIMINAL OF SOME SORT-- PERHAPS A GRAVE-ROBBER-- YET WITHOUT KNOWING WHO OR WHAT I AM, HE LOOKS AT ME CONDENSCENDINGLY--AS IF I WERE A PEASANT AND HE A PRINCE !
THIS MAN IS MAD-- HE WILL KILL ME !
LOOK INTO MY EYES-- DEEPLY-- LOOK DEEPLY INTO MY EYES ...
YOU ARE UNDER MY CONTROL-- MY WILL !
SO-- MUDDLED-- MY MIND IS SO--CLOUDED!
I WILL SATIATE MYSELF ON YOU, PEASANT--AND THUS INTRODUCE TO THE MYSTERIOUS EAST A WAY OF LIFE LONG DENIED THIS CHINA...
...YOU ARE MY SLAVE NOW, IN SPIRIT...
NOW-- YOU ARE MY SLAVE-- IN FLESH !

... THE IMMORTAL DRACULA, PRINCE OF ALL EUROPE, LORD OF THE DREGS OF HUMANITY-- DEPARTS ON HIS WAY...
... LEAVING A CRUMPLED-UP HUMAN WRECK, A MAN DEAD-BUT-NOT, A MAN WHOSE ENTIRE LIFE CHANGED IN LESS THAN A MOMENT...
..., A MAN POSSESSED BY THE CURSE OF THE BLOODLUST, A CURSE HE CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND, BUT ONLY REACT TO WITH INSTINCT-- LETTING HIS NEW SUB-CONSCIOUS DRIVE HIM MINDLESSLY AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM HUMAN-KIND--
CHAN 'HAI! YOU ARE BACK FROM YOUR WORK VERY SOON! DID YOU THIEVE MUCH TONIGHT? DID YOU HAVE PROBLEMS? YOU LOOK DIFFERENT-- AS IF DEEP IN THOUGHT!
JOIN OUR GAMES CHAN 'HAI!
NO-- I WILL NOT JOIN YOUR GAMES--I JUST WANT TO REST-- I FEEL SO VERY TIRED!
--HE IS NOW-- MIGHTIER THAN THE MIGHTIEST MADARIN, AND THOUGH BUT A PEASANT PRINCE, HE IS A MASTER OF MEN!

CHAN 'HAI IS A STRANGE ONE -- HE IS VERY UNSOCIABLE -- HE CONTRIBUTES LITTLE TO OUR GROUP OF THIEVES!
TRUE -- HE HAS NEVER CONTRIBUTED MUCH -- HE IS A LONER -- HE IS VERY HEAVILY INTO OPIUM, MORE THAN ANY MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN -- HE WAS NOT BORN AND RAISED A THIEF AS WE ARE, HE JOINED US NOT TOO LONG AGO WHEN HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN DIED...
-- CHAN 'HAI SLEEPS -- HE IS NOW A MAN WHOSE FUTURE IS DEFINED BY BASIC INSTINCTUAL ACTION -- ONCE HE WAS A DOCTOR, AND AS SUCH, AN INTELLECTUAL EXTROVERT!
WHAT WORK DID HE DO BEFORE THIS?
CHAN 'HAI WAS A VERY RESPECTED DOCTOR!
THEN A THIEF, LIVING A LIFE OF REACTION, FIGHTING HIMSELF, TRYING TO BE SOMETHING HE WAS NOT!
NOW A VAMPIRE, HIS EVERY THOUGHT GEARED TO SATIATE AN INCONQUERABLE, FIERCE, AND GORY LUST!
--HIS COMPANIONS, A COMMUNE OF THIEVES, BARBARIANS AND SOMEWHAT MINDLESS IDIOTS, OCCUPY THEIR TIME IN GAMES -- IN THE PURSUIT OF ESCAPING AN HOUR OR TWO OF BORING, UNSATISFYING WORK --
AAAAG!
-- ENTER NOW INTO THIS MACABRE SCENE -- THE POLICE, SWORDS RAISED READY TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MISFITS, WHO FOR SEVERAL YEARS HAVE BEEN A THORN IN THE SIDE OF AN OTHERWISE-EFFECTIVE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT...
-- THEY ENTER IN A RUSH TO SURPRISE AND DISARM THEIR FOES --
-- THOUGH THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND THOUGH ITS CONCLUSION WAS FOREORDAINED BY THE MERE NUMBERS OF THE POLICE-SOLDIERS, THE FIGHT IS FIERCE AND BLOODY -- SEVERAL OF THE MEN ARE WOUNDED -- ONE OF THE SOLDIERS DIES --

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS MAN? HE LIES ASLEEP WHILE HIS FELLOWS FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES!
HE IS DEAD! I HEAR NO HEARTBEAT!
I AM NOT DEAD-- I AM WEARY TO MY SOUL-- I CHOOSE NOT TO FIGHT-- TAKE ME, I PLEAD TO GIVE UP MY FREEDOM-- I CHOOSE NOT TO LIVE AT ALL!
--FOR THE FIRST TIME, CHAN'HAI IS OVERWHELMED BY HIS CURSE-- HE ATTACKS THE JUGULAR OF THE DEAD SOLDIER--
--THEN, THE SIGHT OF BLOOD-- -- HIS MIND CHANGES FORM-- --RATIONAL LEAVES HIM AND THE BLOOD LUST BECOMES ALL CONSUMING--
--RESTRAIN HIM!
PULL HIM OFF-- PULL HIM OFF-- HE HAS GONE MAD--

THERE ARE TOO MANY TO FIGHT-- YET I MUST ESCAPE-- I MUST ESCAPE!
HIS-- STRENGTH-- ASTONISHING!
UHG!
THE SWORD RAN ME THROUGH! KNIVES ENTER MY BACK! YET I FEEL NO PAIN-- I DO NOT BLEED-- I DO NOT DIE!
HE CANNOT DIE!!
FLEE! WE MUST RETREAT FROM THIS FIEND WHO WILL NOT DIE!

CHAN'HAI--YOU ARE A WIZARD--YOU DROVE OFF AN ENTIRE FORCE OF POLICE!
--THEY WILL RECOUP AND RETURN TO HUNT ME--I DON'T INTEND TO FACE THEM TILL I UNDERSTAND MY NEW POWERS! I LEAVE NOW TO SEEK REFUGE!
LEAVE? NO--YOU MUST BECOME OUR LEADER!
NO--I HAVE NO SUCH INTERESTS
BUT WITH YOU AS OUR INVUNERABLE LEADER WE CAN ATTAIN WEALTH BEYOND OUR IMAGINATIONS--
I HAVE OTHER INTERESTS NOW--I CARE NOT ABOUT THIEVING WEALTH!
YOU OWE US--YOU HAVE BEEN OUR COMRADE FOR 2 YEARS--
I OWE YOU NOTHING!
YOU NEED US TO HELP YOU--WHATEVER IT IS YOU WISH TO DO--YOU WILL NEED HELP--WE WILL BE YOUR BAND OF FOLLOWERS!
I NEED NO FOLLOWERS!
AS YOU WITNESSED, I AM INVULNERABLE--THE POLICE-SOLDIERS THRUST THEIR SWORDS INTO ME WITHOUT DRAWING BLOOD--HOW IS IT I NEED YOU? I DO NOT NEED YOU, YOU NEED ME--AND I HAVE NO NEED TO BURDEN MYSELF NOW!
--WHEN A STEEL BLADE CAN BE ENTERED DEEP INTO MY BODY WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT--HOW IS IT I NEED YOU OR ANYONE?
HAHAHA!
HE IS DEAD--HOW?
THAT DOES NOT MATTER TO US NOW--THE POLICE-SOLDIERS WILL RETURN SHORTLY--WE HAD BEST FIND A SECURE HIDING PLACE--CHAN'HAI IS NO LONGER OF ANY CONSEQUENCE!

CHAN'HAI IS DEAD--HIS LIFE WAS SHORT LIVED--BUT HE IS NOT-YET BURIED! USE THE SPECIAL VOTE COUPON--YOU DECIDE THE FUTURE OF THIS CHARACTER--

**LIFE ____ DEATH____**

Name: .....

Address: .....

City and other stuff: .....

the archaic editor
the Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street ,1501
New York City N.Y. 10017

# PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

--COME--ENTER THE CRYPT OF DARKNESS
--THE TOMB OF HORROR--THE WELL OF HELL--
-- WITHIN THIS PLACE THINGS LURK IN THE DARKNESS--
--ENTER AND LEARN THE MANY WAYS TO DIE!
--HANDS COME OUT OF THE WALLS, GRASPING FOR YOUR THROAT--YEARNING TO RIP IT OPEN!

. . . Welcome to PSYCHO #21, wherein we introduce CURIOUS CHULL SANKO KIM, a new HORROR-MOOD artist, and THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, a new HORROR-MOOD character series! Not to forget our many other gruesome goodies like Poe's VALDEMAR, Katz's GLOOM BOMB, Day's CADAVER, Collado's GHOST, Cardona's BLOODY HAMMER and brand new HORROR - MOOD artist Paul Pueyo's VAMPIRE! Hey — come to think of it, this is one HELL of an issue — 3 new MOOD-TEAM artists make their debut — we bid macabre welcome to Messrs. Day, Kim, and Pueyo, weird masters of illustrated horror all! . . .

Congratulations to the morbid winners of the HORROR-MOOD MISSING VOICE BALLOONS CONTEST #6, this talented (albeit, weirdly talented!) group of 5 who win advance copies of this magazine simply by filling in a bunch of voice balloons and by more or less making sense out of nonsense! These people are TONY PAGLIARO of Texas, MORT WILSON of Illinois, HENRY KLEIN of California, EDWARD P. RALSTON of California, ALICE GONZALEZ of New Mexico, and RICHARD NIXON of Washington, D.C. to whom we are sending the current issue with 18 pages missing! The runners up in this closely-fought battle of imaginations are HENRY KNIGHT of Maryland, SHARRON REYNOLDS of Ohio, DAVID LAWSON of Illinois, MARY LEWIS of New York, Mrs. FRANCIS PASSMORE of North Carolina, LARRY BUMPERS of Texas, J. R. SASZ of Ohio, IRIS KUBO of Hawaii, DONALD McGRATH of New York, and Mrs. JESSIE M. POOLE of Louisiana. To these people, and to the hundreds of others, hope you had fun, thank you, and y'all watch for contest #7 SOON!

. . . CHULL SANHO KIM is already working on the 2nd corrupt chapter of THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA which'll be a regular PSYCHO series — it's titled: DEAD BY DAY — FIEND BY NIGHT, and we WARN you, keep a tight hold on your brain pebbles when you read this one because its a shock-barrel bucket bombshell of horrors! . . .

. . . A weird letter from K. P. ASHBY of Leicester, England — "For the past couple of years I have been an avid reader of your magazines PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE — that is, whenever I can get hold of them. It's nearly impossible to buy them in Leicester except for the market, and even then the issues are a year late in arriving. Therefore I would like to know if it is possible for us British fans to subscribe to your magazines, whether it's possible to buy back numbers, and what the prices are, as it's difficult converting pounds to dollars — keep up the good work!" — Thank thee for thy letter, K. P., it's nice to know England is getting into the HORROR-MOOD! We do not operate a subscription department, unfortunately, but we do operate a back issues department, irreverently titled THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Any good bank or post office will be delighted to convert foreign moneys to U.S. equivalent funds upon the purchase of a money order or the certification of a check (cheque), so y'all don't have any excuse for not digging deep into our vault for any Horror-Mood numbers you may have missed . . .

. . . CESAR LOPEZ has certainly been busy, what with his MUMMY KHAFRE series, which debuts in NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, on sale 9/26/74, and his FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER TALES, which appear in the PSYCHO 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL — it's about time we gave the guy a momment's break to illustrate some non-series, non-character tales, so y'all can eagerly await something called A GARDEN OF HELLISH DELIGHTS, which ought to delight the most gruesome of palates . . .

. . . What'll be going on in NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL- EDITION, you ask? — well, how about a senses-shattering cover by FABA, a pulse-pounding MOOD - TEAM UNDERTAKES thing by MAELO CINTRON, a new character in MERCY, MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER by BOB MARTIN, a fierce autobiography by awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL and crusty CARDONA titled WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES, plus KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL AND KILL AGAIN by FERRAN SOSTRES, a war: VAMPIRE VS. WEREWOLF by JESUS DURAN, WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS by emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY and lurid LUIS COLLADO, THE EXCORIST is in the FILM VAULT OF THE TOMB OF HORROR, THE MUMMY KHAFRE begins by CESAR LOPEZ, and Zesar will teach you HOW TO DIE IN THE TOMB OF HORROR — all tales of terror, because you DEMANDED them! — on sale 9/26/74 . .

. . . JESUS DURAN, the man most voted to be prematurely buried, is concluding chapter 4 of his 4-chapter TALES OUT OF HELL series, and is illustrating ONLY THE DEAD AS WITNESSES and THE RAVEN — weird tales both of 'em! . . .

. . . that's it — y'all rest in peace, y'hear? . . .

R.I.P. ARCHAIC AL

# A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is .....

because .....

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is .....

because .....

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because .....

.....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is .....

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is .....

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths .....

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): .....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims): .....

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL): .....

.....

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)

☐ as an insert

☐ full size cover art

☐ special design art

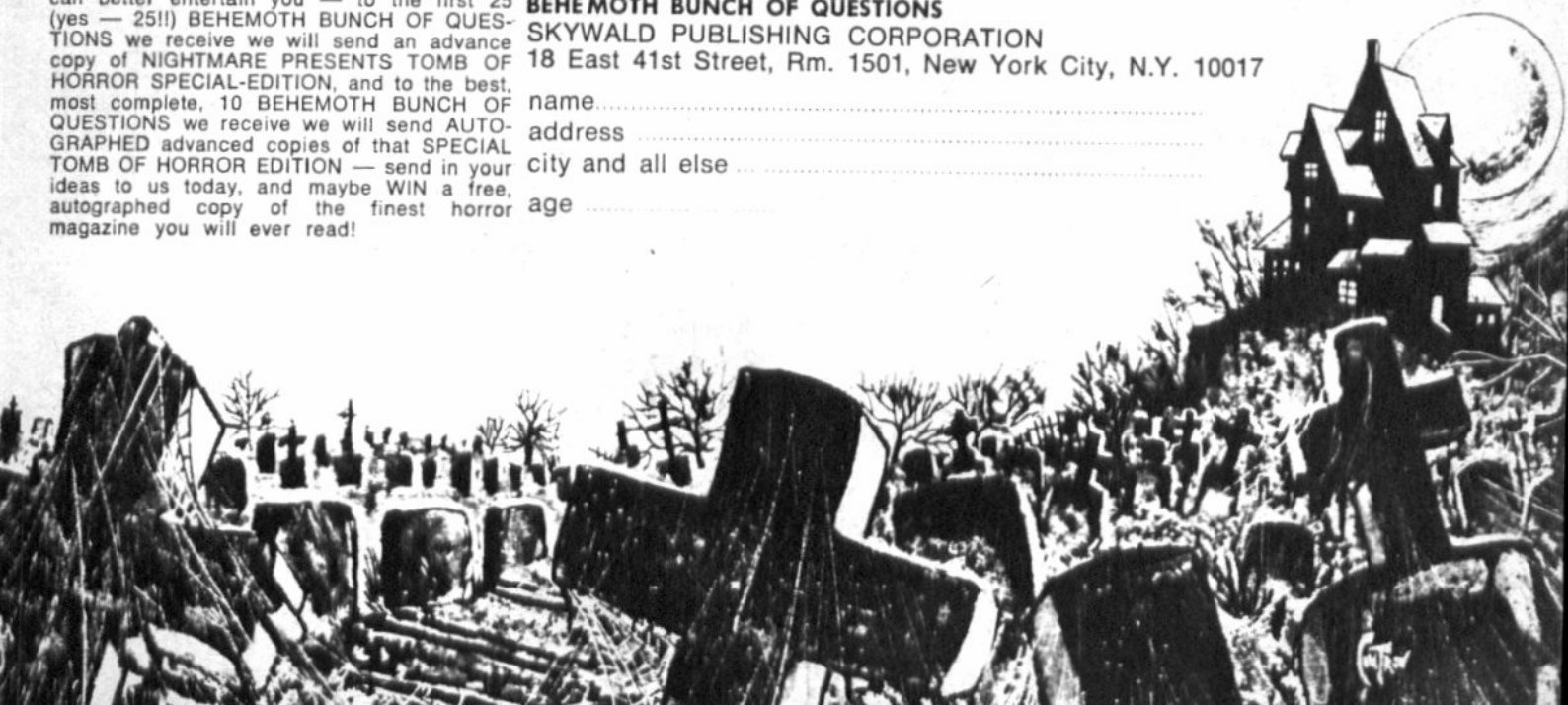
comment .....

.....

send in this page, or a fascimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

**BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS**
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name .....
address .....
city and all else .....
age .....

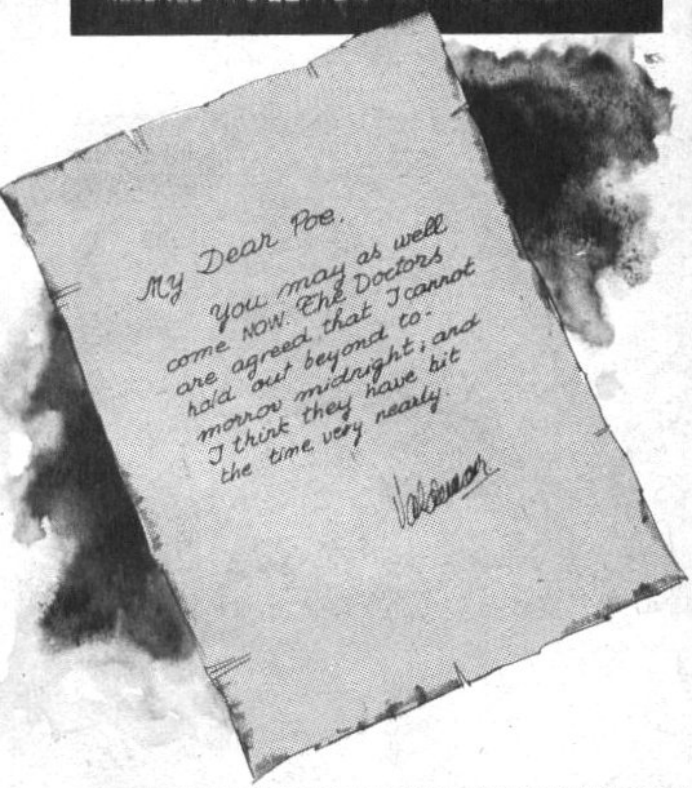


... I AM A **MESMERIST**... ONE GIFTED WITH THE POWER TO INITIATE A **HYPNOTIC TRANCE**, LIKE NUMBNESS, IN A PERSON... I AM A SCIENTIST, AND A DOCTOR, AND THIS BEING THE YEAR 1839, SO YOUNG A YEAR IN SUCH METHODS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE, I AM DELIGHTED TO SERVE MY GIFT OF **MEDICAL HYPNOTISM** HOWEVER I CAN... THIS IS HOW I CAME TO BELIEVE THAT MY FRIENDSHIP WITH A **M. ERNEST VALDEMAR** MIGHT SERVE MY STUDIES WELL...

... FOR MY FRIEND M. VALDEMAR WAS **DYING**...

...I REQUESTED OF HIM PERMISSION TO **MESMERIZE** HIM **IMMEDIATELY PRIOR** TO HIS **DEATH**... FOR THE PURPOSES OF A **EXPERIMENT**... AND HE **AGREED** WITH SURPRISING **GOOD NATURE**, WISHING TO BE OF **SERVICE** HOWEVER **POSSIBLE**...

SEVERAL **MONTHS** AFTER OUR **AGREEMENT**, I RECEIVED THIS **LETTER** FROM THE **DYING MAN**


My Dear Poe.
You may as well come NOW. The Doctors are agreed that I cannot hold out beyond to-morrow midnight; and I think they have hit the time very nearly.
Valdemar

...THUS I HASTENED TO THE DYING MAN'S CHAMBER; THUS I HASTENED INTO THE MOST **FANTASTIC** EVENTS ANY MAN CAN RELATE... THUS I BEGIN MY **MAD NARRATIVE**...

# EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

...M. VALDEMAR, DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR, AND THE WELL KNOWN **AUTHOR** OF **'WALLENSTEIN'** AND **'GARGANTUA'**, LIVED IN HARLEM, NEW YORK... AND I WAS UPON HIS DOORSTEP ONLY 15 MINUTES AFTER RECEIVING HIS NOTE...

...THE APPEARANCE OF **AGONY** WAS UPON HIM... HIS **FACE** WORE A **LEADEN HUE;** THE **EYES** WERE **UTTERLY LUSTRELESS;** AND THE **EMACIATION** WAS SO **EXTREME** THAT THE **SKIN** HAD BEEN **BROKEN** THROUGH BY THE **CHEEK-BONES...**

...I TOOK HIS DOCTORS ASIDE TO **ADVISE THEM OF MY INTENTIONS...** AND **THEY** IN TURN TOLD **ME** OF THE PATIENT'S **CONDITION...** THE **LEFT LUNG** WAS **USELESS.** THE **RIGHT LUNG** WAS **ROTTING...** HE WOULD **DIE** VERY VERY **QUICKLY...**

... IMMEDIATELY, I COMMENCED PASSES I KNEW WERE MOST EFFECTUAL IN SUBDUING HIM...
... HIS PULSE WAS NOW IMPERCEPTIBLE AND HIS BREATHING SO WEAK AS TO BE AT INTERVALS OF HALF A MINUTE...
...HE IS DEAD... HE IS DEFINITELY DEAD...
GOOD GRIEF!
...NO...
WHAT.?? HE'S DEAD!
M. VALDEMAR... ARE YOU ASLEEP?
YES...ASLEEP NOW...DO NOT WAKE ME... LET ME DIE SO...

...THE EYES OF M. VALDEMAR, WHICH HAD BEEN SHUT, NOW OPENED, BUT THE PUPILS DISAPPEARED UPWARDLY --GIVING HIM AN UTTERLY GHASTLY APPEARANCE...

...THE UPPER LIP, AT THE SAME TIME, WRITHED ITSELF AWAY FROM THE TEETH, WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN COVERED COMPLETELY; WHILE THE LOWER JAW FELL DISCLOSING IN FULL VIEW THE SWOLLEN AND BLACKENED TONGUE...

...I NOW FEEL THAT I HAVE REACHED A POINT IN THIS NARRATIVE AT WHICH THE READER WILL BE STARTLED INTO POSITIVE DISBELIEF... BUT I- HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PROCEED... I AM A SCIENTIST, AND WHAT YOU BELIEVE IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU-- AS I SAID THESE ARE THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR --NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS...

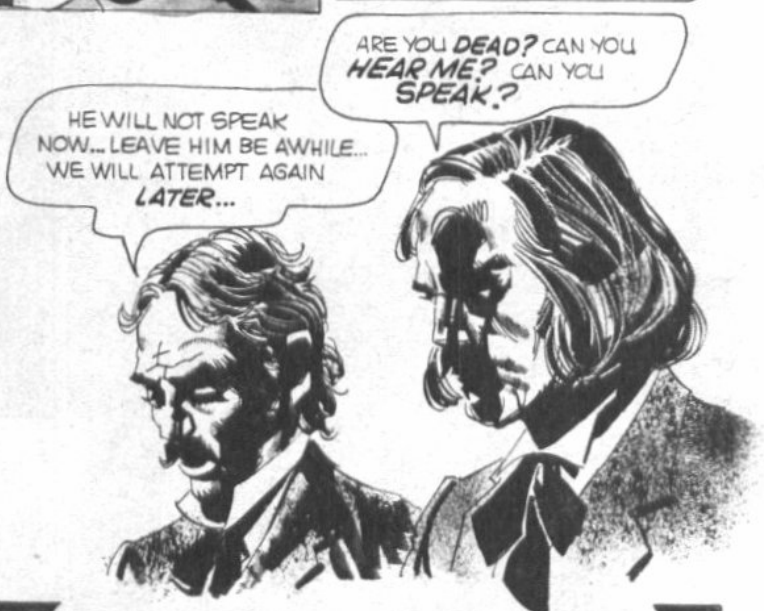
...THERE WAS NO LONGER THE FAINTEST SIGN OF VITALITY IN M. VALDEMAR --AND CONCLUDING HIM TO BE DEAD, WE WERE CONSIGNING HIM TO THE CHARGE OF THE NURSES, WHEN A HARSH, BROKEN AND HOLLOW SOUND BROKE FROM HIS LIPS...

...AT THIS UTTERANCE--THE **ROOM** FELL INTO **COMPLETE CONFUSION**--THE **NURSES FLED** IN **HORROR**, AND ONE OF THE **DOCTORS**, A STUDENT, **SWOONED**...

...THE MIRROR NO LONGER AFFORDED EVIDENCE OF **RESPIRATION**... AN ATTEMPT TO **DRAW BLOOD** FROM THE **ARM FAILED**..

ARE YOU **DEAD?** CAN YOU **HEAR ME?** CAN YOU **SPEAK?**

HE WILL NOT SPEAK NOW... LEAVE HIM BE AWHILE... WE WILL ATTEMPT AGAIN **LATER**...



IF YOU **AWAKEN** HIM--YOU WOULD **ARREST** THE **MESMERIC** EFFECT... HE WOULD **DIE INSTANTLY**... YOU CANNOT TAKE THAT **CHANCE**... YOU HAVE **ACCOMPLISHED** THE **FANTASTIC**... HIS **BODY** IS **DEAD** BUT HIS **MIND** IS STILL IN THIS **WORLD**--HIS MIND IS STILL **ALIVE**...

...YES--YOU ARE **RIGHT** OF COURSE--TO **AWAKEN** HIM WOULD **KILL** HIM...

I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD ATTEMPT **FUTHER COMMUNICATION** WITH HIM...
BUT THE MAN IS **CAPABLE** OF **COMMUNICATION**...
HE IS **CAPABLE** OF COMMUNICATION YES... BUT HE IS IN A **HYPNOTIC TRANCE**--HE IS **ASLEEP** IN A **TRANCE**...

...IT WAS *EVIDENT* THAT, SO FAR, *DEATH* (OR WHAT IS *USUALLY TERMED DEATH*) HAD BEEN *ARRESTED* BY THE *MESMERIC PROCESS*. IT SEEMED *CLEAR* TO US *ALL* THAT TO *AWAKEN* M. VALDEMAR WOULD BE MERELY TO *INSURE* HIS *INSTANT*, OR START HIS *SPEEDY DISSOLUTION*...

...FROM THIS PERIOD UNTIL THE CLOSE OF LAST WEEK - *AN INTERVAL OF NEARLY SEVEN MONTHS* - WE CONTINUED TO MAKE DAILY CALLS AT M. VALDEMAR'S HOUSE ACCOMPANIED, NOW AND THEN, BY MEDICAL AND OTHER FRIENDS. ALL THIS TIME HE REMAINED *EXACTLY* AS I HAVE LAST DESCRIBED HIM...

...FOR GOD'S SAKE! QUICK! QUICK! PUT ME TO SLEEP... OR, QUICK-WAKEN ME! MY LORD... DO SOMETHING... ANYTHING... I SAY TO YOU THAT I AM DEAD!
M. VALDEMAR... DO YOU HEAR ME?.. CAN YOU SPEAK?. WHAT ARE YOUR WISHES?...

I THINK WE HAD BEST AWAKEN HIM... IT HAS BEEN 7 MONTHS-- IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN--EVERYONE IS OUTRAGED...
YES--THERE IS TALK OF POLICE ACTION... I THINK WE HAVE PROVEN OUR POINT... IT IS BEST NOW TO END IT ALL...

...AS I RAPIDLY MADE THE *MESMERIC PASSES*, HIS *SHOUTS* OF *AGONY* WERE SO *FIERCE* WE WERE IN *ABSOLUTE TERROR*...

...HIS DEAD EYES OPENED FOR AN INSTANT...
...HIS WHOLE FRAME AT ONCE - WITHIN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE MINUTE, OR EVEN LESS, SHRUNK...
...CRUMBLED...
...ABSOLUTELY ROTTED AWAY BEFORE OUR SIGHT...
CARDONA74

...UPON THE BED--BEFORE THAT WHOLE COMPANY... THERE LAY A NEARLY LIQUID MASS OF LOATHSOME, DETESTABLE PUTRIDITY...

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WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KATZ

# THE GLOOMB BOMB

OUTSIDE THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF A NEARBY PLANET, A SELF-SUSTAINING STAR-SHIP CRUISES--- ITS INSTRUMENTS PROBING FOR ANSWERS TO UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS.

ITS CREW CONSISTS OF HALF A DOZEN MEMBERS, HAND-PICKED FOR A DELICATE, GRIM MISSION--- EACH PLANETFALL TAKING THE STARSHIP FURTHER AND FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM ITS HOME.

THE SHIP'S ***COMPUTER*** REPORTS THAT THIS PLANET IS A ***CARBON CYCLE*** TYPE B.

GOOD. NORDAK, TAKE CORMA WITH YOU AND ***TRANS-BEAM*** DOWN. WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO LOSE. TAKE DOVERY TO ASSIST WITH THE SENSOR EQUIPMENT.

YES, FATHER.

IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT BRISCON, NORDAK'S OLDER BROTHER, WOULD STAY BEHIND. HE TOOK LITTLE INTEREST IN THE EXPLORATORY MISSIONS HIS BROTHER THRIVED ON.

AS THE SHIP'S SENIOR ***SCIENCE-OFFICER***, I REQUEST TO GO ALONG IF I MAY, HARGON---

DENIED.

YOU'LL BE NEEDED TO COORDINATE THE ***FORCE-PROTECTOR SHIELD***, TELVAR.

BRISCON SWITCHES THE ***SENSOR-SCAN*** TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT THE PLANET'S SURFACE---

YOU'LL NEED YOUR HAND LASERS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY. THE ***FORCE GENERATOR'S*** TIME-LAPSE MECHANISM IS SET FOR 30 MINUTES---THE MAXIMUM THE SHIP'S GENERATOR CAN PUT OUT AND STILL RESIST THE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!

GOOD LUCK, BROTHER!

FROM THE LOOK OF THOSE CREATURES, WE'D BETTER DEPEND ON MORE THAN LUCK. LET'S GO.

THE TRIO BEAMED DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLA[illegible]. DOVERY, THE SHIP'S ENGINEER SET UP THE **BEAM FINDER**-- WHICH LOCATED A CONCENTRATION OF **COULP ORE** AND DETERMINED HOW DEEP THE METAL WAS BURIED.

OKAY, TELVAR -- YOU CAN START THE **GRAV-LIFTER** BEAM ANYTIME! GIVE US A FEW SECONDS TO STAND CLEAR. READY, CREW?

THE EXPLORERS VOICES WERE EASILY PICKED UP BY THE SHIP'S SENSORS, ATTUNED TO THE SURROUNDING **PROTECTOR-SHIELD.**

WITHIN THE SHIP'S COMPLEX, TELVAR ADJUSTS THE SHIP'S STABILIZER UNITS WITH PRECISION ACCURACY RIVALLING THAT OF HIS ROBOT CREWMAN---

THE **GRAV-GENERATORS** ARE AT FULL POWER. STANDING BY.

**ACTIVATE!**

BUT AS THE LAST FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE PRECIOUS ORE SOAR UPWARD AND AWAY, AN UNEXPECTED THING OCCURS. THE FORCE-FIELD HAS SUDDENLY WEAKENED AND THE LIZARD-LIKE CREATURES APPROACH LISTLESSLY WHAT LOOKS VAGUELY LIKE ... **FOOD!**

RAW **COULP ORE** VALUABLE TO THE LIFE OF THE STAR-SHIP, RIPS FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE IN A SAVAGE BALLET PORTRAYING MAN'S CONQUERING OF THE ELEMENTS.

LOOK. THE FIELD MUST HAVE LIFTED! THAT MEANS TELVAR HAS LOST CONTACT AND WE CAN'T BEAM BACK UP.

ABOVE, IN THE SHIP'S CONTROL CENTER, TELVAR SLAMS THE FORCE GENERATORS TO EMERGENCY POWER. BUT THE SCREEN HAS STRENGTHENED TOO LATE, AND---
NORDAK!
CORMA, DON'T! TOO LATE TO USE OUR LASERS. CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT.
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. MAYBE WE CAN DISTRACT HIM!
CORMA, WATCH OUT. HE'S TURNING!
THE GIRL DIVES, HALF-TRIPPING AS SHE DOES SO. AND JUST AS QUICKLY TWIN LASER BEAMS CUT THROUGH REPTILIAN FLESH---!
YEEEEIIII-IIIEEEEE!
CORMA, DON'T PANIC! DUCK, QUICKLY..!

THE FORCE-SHIELD RE-ACTIVATED, NORDAK SHOUTS TO HIS FATHER-- THE SHIP'S SENSORS REGISTERING THE URGENCY OF HIS VOICE.
DAD! TELVAR! BRING US UP--- CORMA'S BEEN WOUNDED!

WITHIN MOMENTS THE TRIO IS RUSHED TO AN EMERGENCY WING OF THE COMPUTER-CONTROLLED SHIP. CORMA IS TREATED IN A DETOXIFICATION CHAMBER FOR A POISONOUS WOUND SHE RECEIVED FROM THE NOW-DEAD REPTILE---
WE SHOULD KNOW IN A FEW HOURS---
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF SHE DIES NOW OR LATER--?

WE'RE ALL DEAD ANYWAY, TRAPPED IN THIS COULPIDE COFFIN! HOPPING MERRILY FROM DEAD PLANET TO DEAD PLANET-- AND WHEN WE DO FIND ONE WHICH SUPPORTS LIFE, WE LEAVE FOR SOME THREADBARE REASON!

TELL ME, TELVAR! WITH OUR DYING PLANET LIGHT-YEARS BEHIND US, WHY ARE WE BEING SO SELECTIVE? WHY? THERE ARE DOZENS OF PLANETS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SUITABLE FOR COLONIZATION. WHY NOT ONE OF THOSE?! WHY?!
THAT'S ENOUGH!

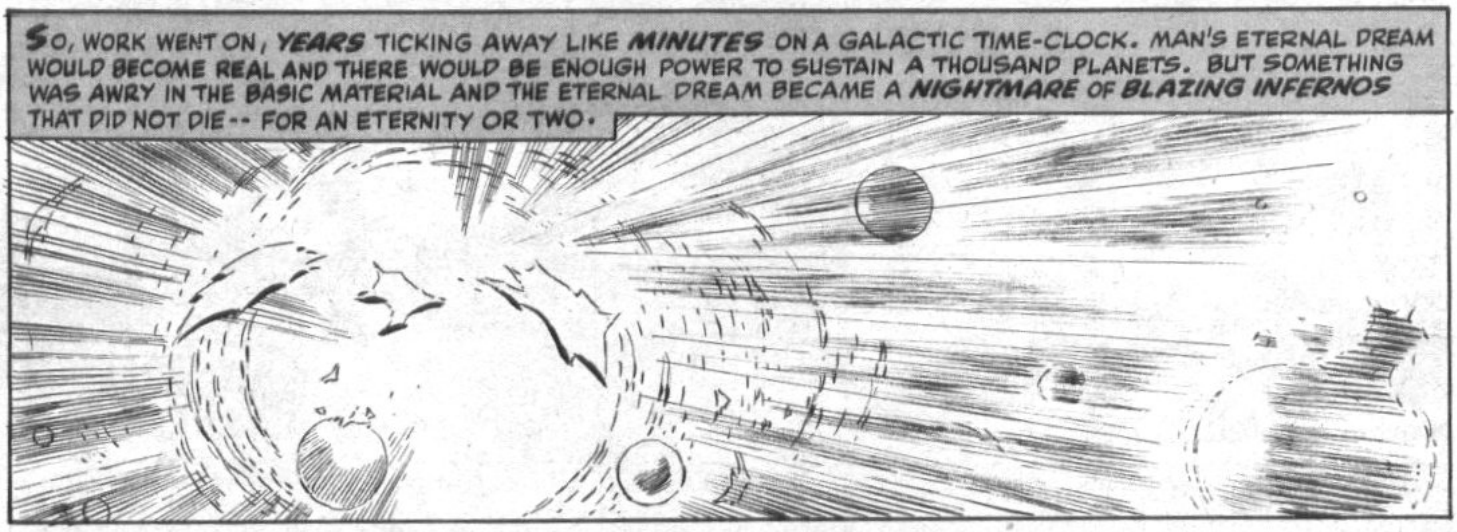
NORDAK LEFT IN A HUFF.
HARGON. THIS WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. DON'T BLAME YOURSELF.
IF ONLY I COULD TELL. BUT IT WOULD NOT MAKE IT SIMPLER.

PERHAPS IT WAS ANGER, OR FRUSTRATION, OR BOTH--- BUT NORDAK LET HIS TROUBLED MIND DRIFT OVER THE SHIP'S TAPES. THEN, FINALLY, HE TURNED TO THE VISI-SCREEN TO SCAN AN ADVANCING PLANET. HE PRESSED ANOTHER BUTTON FOR INSTANT AMPLIFICATION---
WHY--- SHE'S--- LOVELY!

NORDAK ACTIVATED A FEW SELECTED BUTTONS, AND THE SHIP'S SENSORS PICKED UP SOUND--- AND MORE.
AH, WHAT A LUCKY FIND. SHE WILL MAKE A FINE ADDITION TO OUR SLAVE STOCK---
SEIZE HER!
OHH!
SILENTLY, UNNOTICED, A SILVER FIGURE APPEARS FROM AN UNSEEN STAR-SHIP THAT SPEEDS ONWARD AT WARP-SPEED UNHEEDINGLY.
THE MAN OF THE STARS STARES POLITELY AT THE DELICATE FEATURES OF THE GIRL HE HAS RESCUED. SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS MIND SKIRTED THE THOUGHT OF HIS STAR SHIP EATING UP THE LIGHT YEARS LIKE A SPACE BEHEMOTH---
A FINE SPECIMEN. AND SPIRITED, TOO!
TRY ME. I MIGHT EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT!
WHAT? KILL THE DOG!
LET ME GO! OHHHHH!
THE THREE BURLY MEN ATTACK, EXPECTING MOMENTARY RESISTENCE. BUT, INSTEAD, THEY ARE MET BY A TRIPLE CHARGE OF FLASHING DEATH---
---BUT THERE IN FRONT OF HIM WAS *THE GIRL*---

ABOARD THE SHIP, SENSORS DETECT ONLY FIVE HUMANS ABOARD---
CONDITION EMERGENCY! CREWMAN MISSING!
NAME--- NORDAK!
I'LL GET MY FATHER!
CORMA, RECOVERING FROM HER CONDITION, IS INFORMED BY HER FATHER ---
I-- I'M SURE NORDAK MUST HAVE HAD GOOD REASON---
HE VIOLATED MY ORDERS! BUT IT'S NOT THAT I'M CONCERNED WITH. THERE'S FAR MORE AT STAKE THAN YOU IMAGINE--
CORMA, MY CHILD-- IN MY STUBBORN PRIDE I WAITED, PERHAPS TOO LONG, TO TELL YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS. NOW IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP IT HIDDEN--
I DON'T UNDERSTAND---
PERHAPS I SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING --- SCIENCE HAS GIVEN US MANY WONDERS. LIKE THE SELF-SUSTAINING, FRICTION-FREE METAL WE MINE TO CONSTRUCT PARTS FOR THE SHIP.
THAT AND MANY OTHER WONDROUS SECRETS CAME FROM WORK OUR ANCESTORS DID. ANCESTORS WE REMEMBER DIMLY--
THROUGH THE YEARS OF FUTILE SEARCHING FOR A PLANET TO REPLACE OUR OWN YOU WERE NEVER TOLD OF THE REASON --- THE REAL REASON WHY WE HAVE PASSED UP SO MANY SEEMINGLY THRIVING PLANETS.
BUT, FATHER, SO MANY OF THOSE PLANETS SEEMED PERFECT---
MEN, WHO LIVED IN AN AGE WHEN SCIENCE MADE GODS OF MEN. OUR ANCIENT, PROUD RACE MASTERED SCIENCE FAR BACK TO DIM ANTIQUITY. BUT SOMETIMES MEN LOSE SIGHT OF THEIR ORIGINAL OBJECTIVE ---AND THEIR WORK BECOMES AN END IN ITSELF---

THE MEN OF THAT DIM, FORGOTTEN AGE HAD THE DESIRE TO CREATE AN ARTIFICIAL SUN. ALL MANKIND UNITED IN THE EFFORT TO BUILD A STAR OF RAW, FISSIONABLE MATERIALS-- ONE THAT WOULD DWARF EVEN ANTARES-- AND TAKE A MILLENIUM TO COMPLETE.


SO, WORK WENT ON, YEARS TICKING AWAY LIKE MINUTES ON A GALACTIC TIME-CLOCK. MAN'S ETERNAL DREAM WOULD BECOME REAL AND THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH POWER TO SUSTAIN A THOUSAND PLANETS. BUT SOMETHING WAS AWRY IN THE BASIC MATERIAL AND THE ETERNAL DREAM BECAME A NIGHTMARE OF BLAZING INFERNOS THAT DID NOT DIE-- FOR AN ETERNITY OR TWO.

THE UNIVERSE NEVER FULLY RECOVERED FROM THAT CATACLYSM. FIRST WE THOUGHT ONLY OUR GALAXY WAS AFFECTED!
BUT YOU WERE WRONG--?

THE SAME SCIENCE PROVED US WRONG. UP UNTIL THAT TIME ALL STARS HAD WHAT WAS KNOWN AS CORONAS AROUND THEM. THESE CORONAS ACTED AS GREAT SCREENS TO GUARD AGAINST ANY SEEPAGE OF COSMIC RAYS TO NEARBY PLANETS--

THESE RAYS, WHICH NOW AFFECT EVERY KNOWN PLANET, ARE BELIEVED TO CAUSE THE ACCELERATION OF THE AGING PROCESS. ERGO-- OUR USUAL 1,000-YEAR LIFE SPAN HAS DWARFED TO 100 YEARS-- OR LESS. SO, TO SAVE OUR SLOWLY DYING PLANET WE MUST FIND A PLANET NOT ONLY HABITABLE, BUT UNAFFECTED BY COSMIC RAYS.

NOW, NORDAK HAS VIOLATED MY ORDERS AND HAS LANDED ON A PLANET AFFECTED BY THESE RAYS. WE MUST FIND HIM AND EXPLAIN ---
-- THOUGH I FEAR IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE. BY NOW, HE HAS BEEN EXPOSED TO ENOUGH RADIATION TO MAKE HIS CONDITION IRREVERSIBLE
OH, FATHER.
DAD, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING.
BRISCON. I-I'M SORRY--
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER. I'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME.
IT TOOK A LITTLE FIGURING, BUT I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A GOOD REASON WHY THE COMPUTER'S EVALUATIONS WERE SO STRICT---
WHEN WE FIND NORDAK, FATHER, I WANT TO COME ALONG!
BOTH OF YOU WILL. BUT I FEAR THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN DO--- EXCEPT SAY GOODBYE.
WHAT SEEMS LIKE DAYS TO THE WEARY TRAVELERS OF THE WARP-SPEEDING SPACE-CRAFT, ARE YEARS TO THE AGING NORDAK.
--- BACK ON EARTH THE YOUNG OFF-WORLDER AND HIS WIFE HAVE BROUGHT NEW LIFE INTO THE GROWING WORLD, AND MORE ---
YOU'LL FIND THAT COAL IS A MUCH MORE EFFICIENT FUEL THAN WOOD.
THIS WILL ALLOW YOU TO CONSERVE TREES, USING THEIR WOOD FOR CON-STRUCTING SHELTER AND TOOLS.

YOU ARE VERY WISE, AND WE THANK YOU.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HAVE HELPED US.
WHILE NORDAK AND HIS WIFE ARE CONGRATULATED, THE OLD LEADERS BECOME RESTLESS---
HE HAS ALL THE PEOPLE COMING TO HIM FOR EVERYTHING. WE HAVE LOST OUR INFLUENCE, AND SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.
HE MUST BE DONE AWAY WITH, OR WE WILL NO LONGER BE RESPECTED.
TOMORROW THEY PLAN A NEW PROJECT---
SOMETHING CALLED A--- DAM. WE SHALL BE THERE TOO.
THEN AND THERE IT WILL BE DECIDED WHOM THE PEOPLE WILL FOLLOW!
LATER, WHEN NORDAK AND HIS FAMILY RETIRE FOR THE DAY---
WE HAVE SO MUCH HERE, AND I'M SO HAPPY. BUT ARE YOU HAPPY HERE? DO YOU NOT MISS YOUR OWN PEOPLE--YOUR HOME?
I'M WHERE I BELONG. I'M HERE ONLY BY MY CHOICE -- AND IT IS HERE I'M NEEDED MOST.
IT IS HERE I HAVE FOUND --- LOVE.

THE VERY NEXT DAY, NORDAK DESCRIBES TO THE TRIBESMEN HOW A SYSTEM OF DAMS AND IRRIGATION WORKS---
NOT VERY FAR AWAY, THE THREE THREATENED TRIBAL LEADERS DEVISE A MURDEROUS PLAN---
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! LOOK OUT!
WHAT?
BUT WHILE OTHERS FLEE, THE BOULDER CLAIMS TWO HAPLESS VICTIMS---
---AND THE OTHERS ARE LEFT TO FACE THE ENEMY SWORD TO SWORD---
NORDAK SCREAMS ORDERS TO HIS COMPANIONS OVER THE DIN OF BATTLE--- AND THEY BEGIN A LOOSE FIGHTING FORMATION---

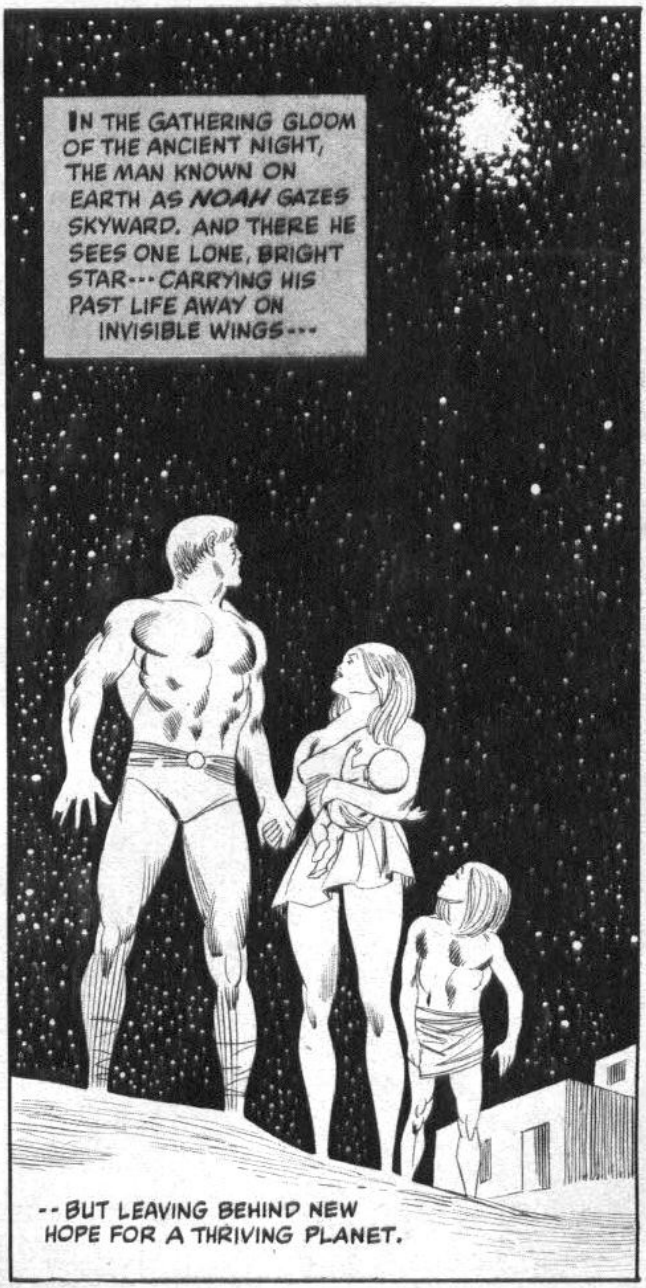
WITH A SKILLED OUTWORLD FIGHTER AT THEIR LEAD, THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS TURNED AGAINST THE AGGRESSORS --- AND, MOMENTS LATER ---
HAIL TO OUR NEW LEADER!!
IN BATTLE, OUR PEOPLE HAVE FOUND A NEW LEADER!
THE SHIP'S SENSORS HAVE LOCATED YOUR SON, HARGON. HE IS LIVING ON THE PLANET CALLED--- EARTH---
AT HARGON'S ORDER, THE SHIP'S ANALYSIS OF THE NATIVE CLOTHING IS OBTAINED--- AND FACSIMILES ARE ISSUED---
THREE SILVER FIGURES TRANSPORT INVISIBLY TO THE LAND CO-ORDINATES, SURROUNDED BY AN UNSEEN, PROTECTIVE AURA--AND SOON THEY ARE MET BY MEN SEEMINGLY OF THEIR OWN KIND ---
GOOD EVENING, STRANGERS.
WE ARE SEEKING A MAN NAMED NORDAK THAT WE KNOW TO BE RULING YOUR PEOPLE---
THERE IS NO ONE IN OUR TRIBE OF THAT NAME. BUT WE ARE RULED BY ONE WE CALL---
NOAH!

THE THREE STRANGERS ARE LED TO A MODEST DWELLING. THERE, A FOND REUNION TAKES PLACE ---

NORDAK IS MET WITH THE LOVE OF A FATHER, BUT HIS RESPONSE IS ONE OF MIXED FEELINGS. HE SENSES THAT HIS FAMILY HAS NOT BROUGHT GREETINGS --- THAT THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME HE WILL SEE THEM.

MY SON, I'M AFRAID I BRING YOU BAD NEWS. BY CHOOSING TO LIVE HERE, YOU HAVE SHORTENED YOUR LIFETIME BY MORE THAN HALF---

NORDAK LISTENS SILENTLY AS HIS FATHER TELLS HIM OF DYING SUNS AND THE REASON *THEY* CANNOT LONG REMAIN---


IN THE GATHERING GLOOM OF THE ANCIENT NIGHT, THE MAN KNOWN ON EARTH AS *NOAH* GAZES SKYWARD. AND THERE HE SEES ONE LONE, BRIGHT STAR---CARRYING HIS PAST LIFE AWAY ON INVISIBLE WINGS---
--BUT LEAVING BEHIND NEW HOPE FOR A THRIVING PLANET.

I'M SORRY IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY.
THEN THIS IS GOODBYE. I HAVE NO REGRETS.

ONE LAST THING. OUR SHIP'S ANALYSIS OF THIS PLANET SHOWS THAT THERE WILL BE A GREAT FLOOD IN A MATTER OF MONTHS. IT IS WELL THAT YOU KNOW THIS.
THANK YOU, FATHER

# the Cadaver

written by ALAN HEWETSON illustrated by GENE DAY

**In life, I was pathetic and morose; I was a circus clown, and not a very good one. In death, I am pathetic and despondent, decomposed and worthless; I am a corpse, and a failure-as I was in life. I was murdered because I dared to fall in love-I was buried with a mock funeral, for those who mourned me did not love me-I now crave revenge on those who called me a freak, who denied me life, who refused me love, who slaughtered me when I tried to be as human as they pretend to be. I crave to murder my murderors.**

I spent my life in the circus, trying to be funny and trying to entertain children. I was not very good, but my position was secure, for the circus is a refuge for those of curious temperament, questionable competence, and freaks like I — born in the back of a circus bus to a fat lady who neither wanted or needed me. My mother did not raise me, she died when I was two years old, of obesity and idiocy. The freaks raised me, and I loathed them, for they are the unhappiest people in the world, and I grew up very unhappy. I spent most of my youth washing filthy elephants and worshipping greasy food. I spent most of my adolescence barking: "once in your lifetime folks, you gotta see the freaks, you gotta see the ape lady an' the frog-faced boy an' the pinhead — an' you can see 'em for a quarter, a slim 25¢ piece, a skinny quarter-buck — inside this tent, you'll see every freak you'll ever wanna see, for just a little quarter!" I learned a little, as an adolescent, watching clowns put on make-up and disguise their features, watching them set themselves on fire in little fire trucks and fall into little buckets of water to douse the flames that ate up their pride. I watched skinny, ugly women undressing in our peep shows; I learned to thieve by pocketing quarters whenever I barked, and I learned to lie and deceive when the bosses searched my pockets. I grew up not as others grow up, with affection, I grew up hating everything and disliking myself; my mind was a sewer of corrupt information — but my future was secure as the mediocre clown with the scarred face and the leathery, yellow skin, incapable of literate argument about anything, unable to walk completely erect, unlikely to be called a man.

A few days ago I was twenty-one. I ventured to fall in love — a silly girl interested in music and her writing of rather bad poetry. She was the daughter of the knife-thrower, who used his beautiful daughter in his act. He protected her person jealously, and no one was allow to approach her romantically — and certainly not I. However, the girl was most beautiful, and whenever her father was away or was sleeping, she attracted the romantic attentions of several young men in the circus, and in the towns we visited. I observed her at this often. I made it known to her that I was interested in a romantic attachment, but I expected her to curse me or laugh, not kiss me tenderly on the forehead and smile at me. I knew I was not going to be her husband, for she had too many suiters, but I knew she would be my lover, awhile, for she was promiscuious. I went to her trailer one night, a few nights ago, when I knew her father was asleep and that she could come to me. I tapped on the window and she looked out at me, somewhat startled, but she dressed herself and came out to me. In her usual fashion, she pretended to resist me, for I had observed she disliked to appear too willing. I embraced her roughly as she struggled, I kissed her about her face as she fought me. I did not hear my murderor come up behind me, I did not hear the knife as it crushed my spine, entering my back, slicing my veins, ripping open my heart, gashing my blood vessels. I did not hear or see my murderor, and I only felt the blade an awful instant, for in an instant, I died.

When they buried me they put me in pauper's field — only a few came to witness my interment, and no one weeped, because no one cared. SHE was not there, and her FATHER, my MURDEROR, did not come to see me, to see the remains put under the ground, to rot.

As I have given you cause to surmise, I did not lie dead and in peace. Though my body began to decompose my mind remained alive, though the worms began to come at me my brain remained rational, and my heart grew vengeful. How dare I be slaughtered so casually! How dare I die so pointlessly and so mercilessely! Am I not deserving of human rights? — Am I not deserving, at least, of the right to revenge? An hour ago, as the moon silhoetted my wretched gravestone, I came out of my grave. My bones were exposed, my veins were ragged, my flesh dripped, my hands began to crumble as I crushed the coffin lid; They gave in to coarse abrasion as I pushed apart the earth above me, yet the only pain I felt was in my heart; I wanted revenge, I needed revenge, I needed to kill my murderor!

I walked slowly, for my every movement was extremely difficult. I went to where the circus was camped — no-one was about, for in the morning they would leave, and everyone needed sleep. I went to the trailer of the knife-thrower, which was well-lighted — voices issued from within. I looked through the window, as I had only a few nights before, on the night of my murder. Within, a fat sheriff questioned Alice; nearby my murderor, the knife-thrower, sat on a cot, turning a large steel knife over and over in his hands as he listened. "Miss Tamara", said the fat sheriff, "You are leaving in the morning, and I will not hold you till the inquest at the end of the week, because I feel it is pretty obvious your story is true, about the death of the clown — but repeat it one more time, for the record!"

"He was ugly, he repulsed me, I loathed him — yet, I pitied him. He mistakenly believed I was fond of him, but in fact, the sight of him, and the very thought of him, made me ill! He knocked on my window late at night, while my father slept. I suspected what he was up to, yet I was afraid not to go out, because there might have been a commotion, and my father might have been awakened, and he would certainly have misunderstood. So I took a knife with me, one of my father's knives, and I hid it under the folds of my nightdress. The ugly clown attacked me, and though I struggled and protested, he would not stop his crude advances. I plunged the knife into his back . . ."

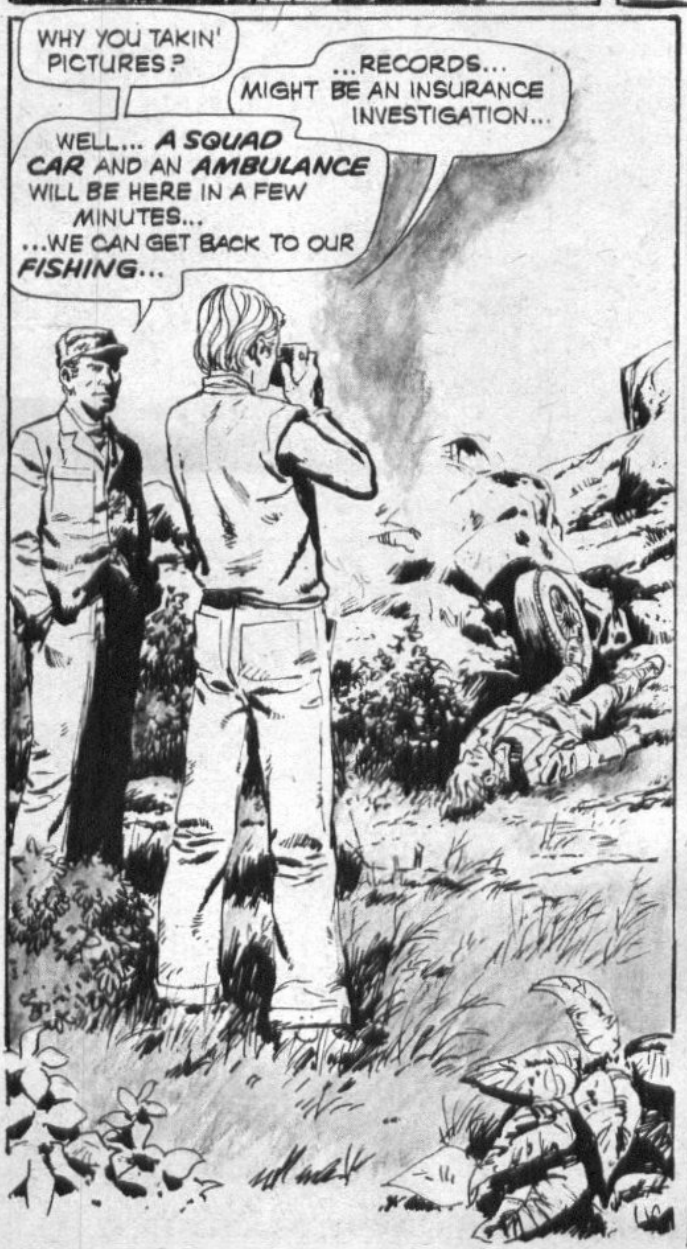
"Why did you drive the knife into his back eight times?"

"—Because I loathed him. He was so very ugly, I was so afraid, I was so ill and upset, I could not think. It was not enough merely to stop him, I wanted to kill him. I wanted revenge on him for touching my body. I wanted to kill him, and I killed him!"

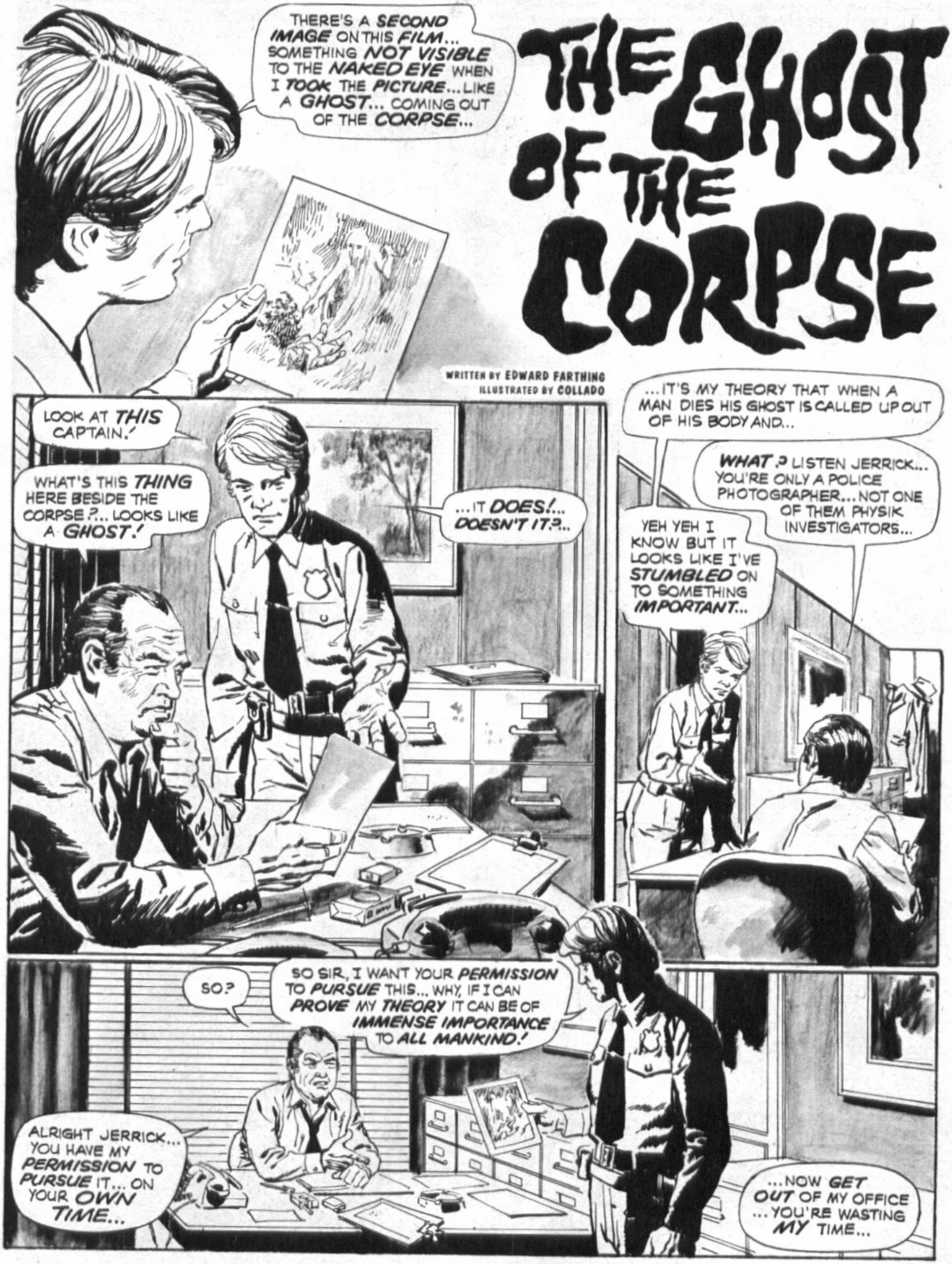
I turn away from the trailer now and begin to walk slowly back to my grave. I know I will never reach it, I know I will fall down somewhere on the way. There is no reason for me to be alive, I am dead — if I was ever alive it was with a single purpose; revenge on my fellow man, now — I do not want revenge, I do not need revenge, for revenge is emotion, and the only emotion I ever had was murdered, by a knife in the back.

...IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE HAD A DAY OFF PETE...
...ME TOO JERRICK... THE POLICE FORCE DEMANDS ALL OUR TIME...
...I NOTICE YOU BROUGHT YOUR CAMERA ALONG... GONNA TAKE SOME OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOMETHIN'?
NAW-- FOR ONCE I'M NOT GOING TO USE MY CAMERA FOR POLICE BUSINESS... JUST SOME 'LANDSCAPES' AND BEAUTY, INSTEAD OF OFFICIAL POLICE GORE AS USUAL...
...THAT DRIVER MUST BE MAD... HE'S GOING 100 MILES AN HOUR...
...HE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT SHARP CURVE!!
...PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1973... A DAY OF DEATH...
KRAWWWHUP!

CAN YOU GET HIM OUT?
YEH YEH... GET ON THE RADIO FOR HELP...HE'S DRUNK... THE SMELL OF LIQUOR ON HIS BREATH IS SOMETHING AWFUL...
... SEND AN AMBULANCE... 6 MILES UP THE OLD WELLAND ROAD...
FORGET IT PETE!!
WHY?
...HE'S DEAD...
...YOU REALLY WANT TO?
NO:..THIS KINDA PUTS A DAMPER ON OUR DAY-OFF, DON'T IT?


WHY YOU TAKIN' PICTURES?
...RECORDS... MIGHT BE AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATION...
WELL... A SQUAD CAR AND AN AMBULANCE WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES... ...WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR FISHING...

TUM TE TUM TUM
MY LORD-- WHAT IS THIS-- WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?

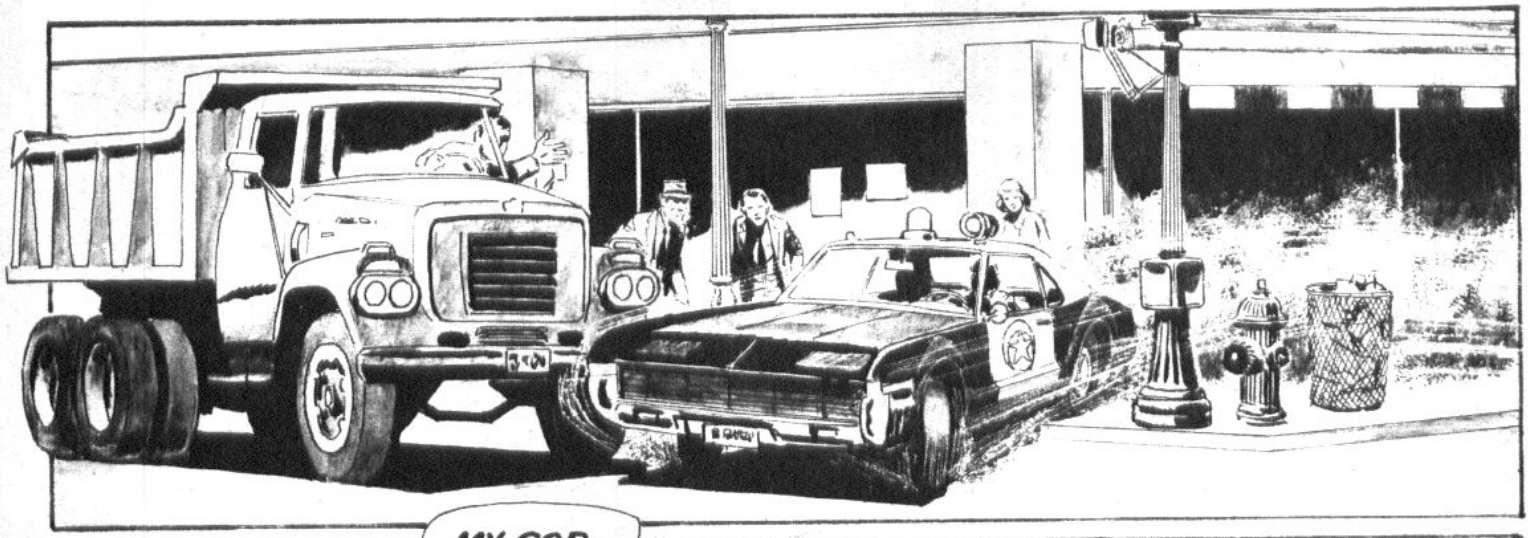

THERE'S A SECOND IMAGE ON THIS FILM... SOMETHING NOT VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE WHEN I TOOK THE PICTURE... LIKE A GHOST... COMING OUT OF THE CORPSE...
THE GHOST OF THE CORPSE
WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING
ILLUSTRATED BY COLLADO
LOOK AT THIS CAPTAIN.'
WHAT'S THIS THING HERE BESIDE THE CORPSE?... LOOKS LIKE A GHOST.'
...IT DOES!... DOESN'T IT?...
...IT'S MY THEORY THAT WHEN A MAN DIES HIS GHOST IS CALLED UP OUT OF HIS BODY AND...
WHAT.? LISTEN JERRICK... YOU'RE ONLY A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER... NOT ONE OF THEM PHYSIK INVESTIGATORS...
YEH YEH I KNOW BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE STUMBLED ON TO SOMETHING IMPORTANT...
SO?
SO SIR, I WANT YOUR PERMISSION TO PURSUE THIS... WHY, IF I CAN PROVE MY THEORY IT CAN BE OF IMMENSE IMPORTANCE TO ALL MANKIND.'
ALRIGHT JERRICK... YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO PURSUE IT... ON YOUR OWN TIME...
...NOW GET OUT OF MY OFFICE ...YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME...

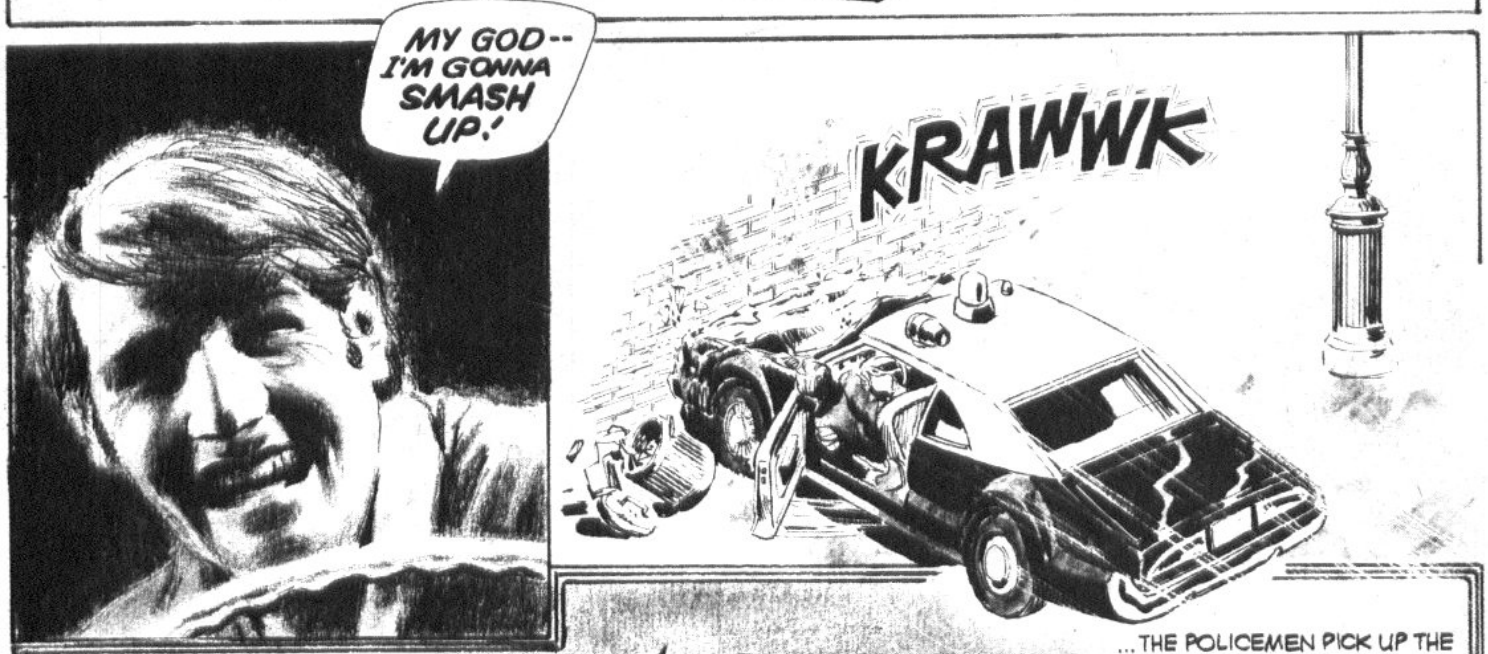
...I LOOKED THROUGH EVERY SINGLE 'DEATH' PHOTO I'VE EVER TAKEN... AN' I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE TRACE OF ANY OTHER SECOND IMAGE GHOSTS...
I HOPE THERE'S AN ACCIDENT SOON...
YOU WHAT? WHAT'RE YOU SOME KINDA PERVERT JERRICK?.. YOU WANNA DRIVE AROUND WITH ME ON YOUR DAY OFF AND NOW YOU WANT TO SEE AN ACCIDENT?.. ...WHY?...
LISTEN SIR... I THINK JERRICK NEEDS A VACATION OR SOMETHING...
WHY'S THAT?
WHY?... I WANT TO PHOTOGRAPH A MAN DYING IS WHY!
ALRIGHT... I'LL STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE... ...GET LIEUTENANT JERRICK IN HERE...
HE'S TURNING INTO SOME KINDA GHOUL... TAGGING AROUND WITH ME ON ALL HIS HIS DAYS OFF... PHOTOGRAPHING ACCIDENTS AND VICTIMS DYING...
I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT YOU JERRICK... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?
TRYING TO PROVE MY THEORIES SIR... BUT IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK...
I'M ORDERING YOU TO STOP THIS NONSENSE... ...YOU UNDERSTAND? THE MEN THINK YOU'RE NUTS... AND... YOUR WORK IS SUFFERING... SO STOP IT JERRICK... YOU UNDERSTAND... STOP IT!

... I DON'T CARE WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAYS... THIS ISN'T ALL NONSENSE AND I'M NOT GOING TO QUIT...
...THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT... A CATALYST... WHY A GHOST WAS VISIBLE RISING OUT OF THAT MAN AND NOT THE OTHER ACCIDENT VICTIMS I'VE PHOTOGRAPHED THESE LAST FEW WEEKS...
...MAYBE SOMETHING IN THE DRUNK'S POLICE RECORD WILL GIVE ME AN IDEA...
...HEY!...
...THAT'S IT... THE GUY HAD A RECORD... HE WAS A CRIMINAL... THIS PHENOMENA HAS-SOMETHING-TO-DO WITH THE DRUNK DRIVER BEIN' A CRIMINAL...
...WELL THAT MAKES IT HARDER... THERE ARE NO EXECUTIONS ANY MORE... HOW AM I GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH A CRIMINAL DYING?..
HELLO JERRICK-WHAT YOU DOING HERE IN HOMICIDE?
I'VE-AH-BEEN ASSIGNED HERE FOR SOME PHOTOS... PROMOTION-PUBLIC RELATIONS...
PUBLIC RELATIONS? WHAT'RE YOU GONNA TAKE PICTURES OF?... DEAD MEN?
YES LIEUTENANT ELDEN... JUST THAT... DEAD MEN!
WELL JERRICK--JUST FOLLOW ME... WE BOYS IN THE HOMICIDE SQUAD SEE A MILLION MURDERS A NIGHT... ...ROUGHLY SPEAKING...
556
POLICE

...SORRY JERRICK... YOU WON'T PHOTOGRAPH YOUR DEAD MAN HERE... ...JUST A ROUTINE DRUG RAID... NO PROBLEMS...
...UP AGAINST THE WALL PUNK...
...MAKE A BREAK... I'LL COVER YOU...
HEY MAN... WHAT'RE YOU KIDDING?
...I AIN'T KIDDING... GO ON... RUN FOR IT...
...HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT...
HALT OR I'LL SHOOT...
DAMN PUNK!
BDIMM

TUM TE TUM TUM TA
CLOSE THAT DAMN DOOR... YOU'LL RUIN THE PHOTOGRAPHS!
I'LL RUIN MORE THAN THE PHOTOGRAPHS... I'LL END YOUR WHOLE DAMN GAME JERRICK...
... YOU THINK LIEUTENANT ELDON IS STUPID? HE KNOWS WHAT YOU DID TONIGHT JERRICK... YOU'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP IN JAIL...
WHADDYOU MEAN?
DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME... THIS IS THE POLICE FORCE AND WHETHER YOU'RE A PATROLMAN OR A PHOTOGRAPHER YOU'RE A POLICEMAN...
...YOU MUST'VE BROKEN 15 LAWS TONIGHT... YOU'LL PROBABLY BE CHARGED WITH MANSLAUGHTER...
I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE...
THIS THINGS MADE YOU LOSE YOUR MIND... YOU CAN'T GET AWAY...
NO?... WATCH!!




MY GOD-- I'M GONNA SMASH UP!
KRAWWK

...POOR JERRICK... HE USED TO BE A GOOD COP... ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT GHOSTS IS FOR LONG HAIRS... NOT COPS...
...THE POLICEMEN PICK UP THE REMAINS OF JERRICK... THEY DON'T SEE THE DEMON OUT OF HELL COME TO COLLECT ITS VICTIM... SATAN'S MESSENGER ALWAYS COME TO COLLECT THE SOULS WHICH ARE HEADED FOR HELL... JERRICK DIDN'T THINK THINGS OUT WELL ENOUGH... FIGURED THE APPARITION HAD TO BE THE GHOST OF THE DEAD MAN... HA HA HA AAHA... EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS...

# WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME?

These people are having a party at their HORROR-MOOD newstand, while awaiting the current issue of their favorite HORROR-MOOD magazine, SCREAM. As they well know, there's nothing quite so entertaining in this world as a good stein of ale, good companions, and the latest SCREAM. They know too, that NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO are equally entertaining, and in these days of inflation, the best bargain on the newstand, for only 75¢. These people are having so much fun waiting for SCREAM they're going to party while they wait for NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO too; which is not surprising, because everybody loves a party, especially that man with the strange stuff in his pipe! Talk to your HORROR-MOOD newstand dealer about setting up a party in your neighborhood store, and enjoy your latest SCREAM.

MAX IS WEIRD... ONE WEIRD WEIRDO... OBOY WHAT A WEIRD PERSON YOU ARE... WEIRD FROM WOE TO GO... WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD!!
I'LL KILL YOU FOR CALLING ME WEIRD... I'LL KILL YOU!

... SO STARTS OUR TALE... OF PUPPETS **MAX AND MAXINE...** AND A COUPLE OF **OTHER WEIRD PEOPLE...** IN THE MACABRE TALE WE TITLE:

WRITTEN BY JOE DENTYN
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

# MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER

...WELL MISS-AH-MISS ANTON... I-I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU... ...THIS PERFORMANCE IS... AH... MOST BIZARRE... I'M NOT SURE I EVEN UNDERSTAND IT... THIS... AH... THIS IS A 'PUPPET SHOW'...?
...YES MR. HENDERSHOT... BUT NOT FOR CHILDREN... ...FOR ADULTS...

YOUR NEW LATE-NIGHT, EARLY-MORNING, TELEVISION TALK SHOW: THE ALMOST-TODAY SHOW, IS ON A NETWORK BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ADULTS... IT'S HARD-HITTING, FACTUAL... CONTROVERSIAL... ...I HAVE BEEN A CHILDREN'S PUPPETEER FOR YEARS... I'VE PRODUCED SHOWS OF ALL SORTS WITH MY MAX AND MAXINE PUPPETS... AND YOU KNOW THE ONLY PUPPETS THAT CHILDREN LIKE?... VIOLENT PUPPETS...

...TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THE MOST POPULAR PUPPETS OF ALL... PUNCH AND JUDY... NOW YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT PUNCH IS BRUTAL, SADISTIC, EVIL... AND A MALE CHAUVINIST TOO... ALL THIS STUFF IS GOING INTO CHILDRENS' IMPRESSIONABLE MINDS... I WANT TO EXPOSE THIS WITH MY LITTLE SATIRE...

...BUT FANTASY VIOLENCE IS PROVEN HARMLESS...
...YES... ONE CAUSE, ONE EFFECT... BUT IT HAS A CUMMULATIVE EFFECT SOME SAY... SO MUCH VIOLENCE COMING AT A CHILD FROM ALL ANGLES HAS A VERY HARMFUL EFFECT...

...ALRIGHT MISS ANTON... YOU'VE MADE A VERY GOOD POINT... I'LL HAVE YOU ON MY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT...
...THANK YOU... I'M SURE I'LL START YOUR VIEWERS THINKING...

...WELL MAX AND MAXINE... YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE THE BIG TIME TOMORROW NIGHT...
YEH SURE... AND YOU'RE CUTTING OUR THROATS TOO...
YOU WANNA RAISE A LOT OF DIRT ABOUT HOW VIOLENT PUPPET SHOWS ARE... YOU'LL THROW US OUT OF WORK...
YOU CAN'T TALK TO HER MAX... SHE'S TOO FULL OF GOODY-GOODY IDEALS TO LISTEN TO SOMETHING AS PRACTICIAL AS WORK... MONEY... FOOD...
WHAT ELSE? MAXINE AND I WERE STARVING AS FREAKS IN A CIRCUS WHEN WE MET... THE IDEA OF PAWNING US OFF ON A STUPID PUBLIC AS PUPPETS WAS THE GREATEST IDEA ANYONE EVER HAD... IT'S PUT FOOD IN OUR MOUTHS FOR 6 YEARS... NOW YOU WANT TO RUIN IT...
NOW LISTEN YOU TWO... YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE WE MAKE OUR LIVING THIS WAY, WE CAN'T DO SOMETHING ELSE?...
I'M NOT CHANGING MY MIND... I HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO MY CONSCIENCE... GOOD NIGHT... I SUGGEST YOU GET SOME SLEEP... WE HAVE A BIG SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT...
...WHATTA WE GONNA DO MAX?
...WE COULD MESS UP THE SHOW TOMORROW...
...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO... NOTHING!
...YEH... AND MESS UP OUR CAREERS TOO... NO MAXINE... THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO...

...GOOD MORNING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELCOME TO THE ALMOST-TODAY SHOW... OUR GUEST TONIGHT IS MISS ANNE ANTON...WHO IS A WELL KNOWN PUPPETEER WITH THE FAMOUS DUO... MAX AND MAXINE... MISS ANTON HAS A POINT TO MAKE ABOUT VIOLENCE...
MTV

...THANK YOU TOM... MY POINT IS SIMPLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I CONTEND THAT THE NATURE OF PUPPET SHOWS IS HARMFUL TO CHILDREN...
I DISAGREE!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!

...ARE YOU MAD?
...STOP WHISPERING OR YOU'LL GIVE US AWAY... I AM NOT GOING TO LET YOU RUIN OUR CAREERS...

...I-AH-WANT TO SAY HOW VIOLENT PUNCH AND JUDY ARE FOR EXAMPLE...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!
...AW RUBBISH! WE RELIEVE THE TENSIONS OF A VIOLENT WORLD...

HA HA HA HA HA... FASCINATING... FUNNY... HA HA HA HA HA... BUT I MUST SAY MISS ANTON... YOU HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF MAKING YOUR POINT... HAVING YOUR PUPPETS ARGUE WITH YOU LIKE THEY HAVE MINDS OF THEIR OWN...
...YES...WELL I-I THINK WE'D BETTER PUT ON OUR LITTLE SHOW NOW...

...WHADDYA WANNA DO TONIGHT MAXINE?
...I DUNNO... WHADDA YOU WANNA DO TONIGHT MAX?

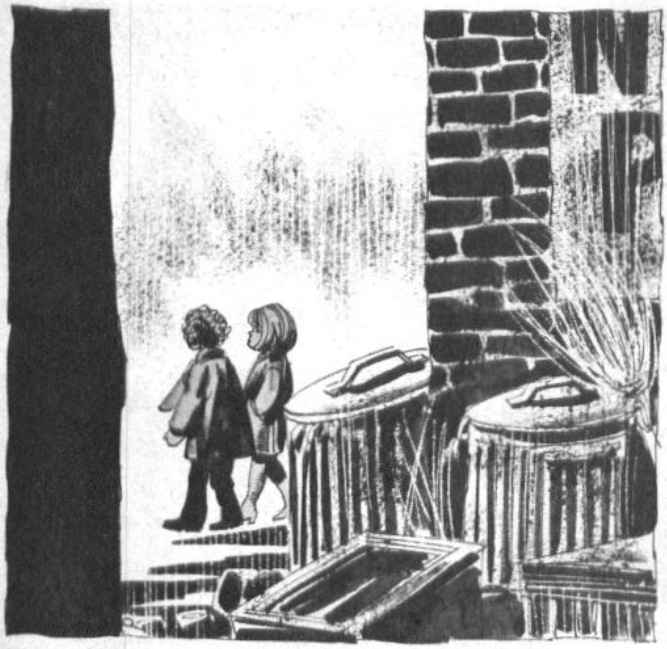
LISTEN YOU TWO... IF YOU DON'T WISE UP YOU'LL MAKE IDIOTS OUT OF US... WE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER JOB AS LONG AS WE LIVE!
... SHE'S RIGHT MAX... EITHER WAY... WE'RE OUT OF LUCK... AT BEST IF WE DO THINGS HER WAY THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE NO ONE WILL PAY ATTENTION TO HER, WE'LL STILL HAVE OUR JOBS...
...ALRIGHT! I HATE TO DO IT, BUT ALRIGHT...

YOU STUPID JERK!! WHADDA YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!... I'LL KILL YOU!!

I'LL EMBED IT IN YOUR HEAD!!

...PUT DOWN THAT HAMMER MAX... MAXWELL JONES... PUT DOWN THAT HAMMER...
...I'LL PUT IT DOWN ALRIGHT...

...THAT SCENE WAS NOT EXAGGERATED TOM... PUPPET SHOWS ALL HAVE THAT ELEMENT OF HARMFUL VIOLENCE...
...DO YOU THINK A CHILD WILL GO OUT, AFTER SEEING A PUPPET SHOW, AND IMITATE A VIOLENT SCENE HE SAW IN A SHOW?
YES... VERY POSSIBLY!
NOT A CHANCE... FANTASY VIOLENCE NEVER DID ANYONE ANY HARM...
HAHAHAHA... WEIRD... VERY WEIRD... THANK YOU MISS ANTON... AND THANK YOU MAX AND MAXINE... FOR A STRANGE BUT INTERESTING ARGUMENT AGAINST VIOLENCE...
WHAT A COUPLE OF IDIOTS... YOU MADE ME LOOK SO DAMNED STUPID TONIGHT...
YOU ARE STUPID!
MAX IS RIGHT ANNE... YOU ARE SUCH A THOROUGHLY STUPID PERSON... DO YOU REALLY... DO YOU REALLY, REALLY THINK A PUPPET SHOW DOES ANYBODY ANY HARM?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING HOME... YOU TWO CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT...
LET HER GO MAX! WHO NEEDS A STUPID PERSON LIKE HER!
YES... IF A DISTURBED CHILD SEES SOMETHING LIKE THIS HE... HE... WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW... HE MIGHT GO OUT AND KILL ONE OF HIS LITTLE FRIENDS OR SOMETHING...
OH RUBBISH!



MISS ANTON?
YES?
I... AH... SAW THE SHOW TONIGHT...

WE WERE TOO HARSH MAXINE...
WHY? SHE'S STUPID!
YES...BUT SHE'S WELL-MEANING... SHE HAS IDEALS ...SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN REALLY.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT MAX... MAYBE WE SHOULD APOLOGIZE... TRY TO REASON WITH HER...

I SURE LIKED YOUR SHOW!
THANK YOU BUT I... I MUST BE GOING... IT'S LATE...

WHADDYOU WANNA DO TONIGHT BABY?
OH GOD... HE'S A MANIAC!

...I-I MUST GO... GOOD NIGHT...

WELL ...YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT REASONING WITH HER... BUT I THINK WE SHOULD APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING HER OUT TO BE AN IDIOT ON NATIONAL TELEVISION...
YES... LET'S WALK TO THE HOUSE... MAYBE WE CAN CATCH UP WITH HER...

...DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

OH LORD!!
OH MY GOD MAX!

... HE'S DEAD...
WHO IS HE?... DO YOU KNOW HIM?
WHY IT'S ... IT'S TOM HENDERSHOT... THE HOST OF THE ALMOST-TODAY SHOW!
DO YOU THINK ... THAT... MAYBE ANNE WAS RIGHT? MAYBE THE GUY WAS RE-ENACTING THE VIOLENCE HE SAW IN THE SHOW...
YEH... BUT... WHO KILLED HIM?
I DID!
... HE CAME RUNNING AT ME FROM BEHIND... WITH A HAMMER... LIKE THE ONE YOU USE ON MAXINE...
... BUT... HOW DID YOU KILL HIM?...
...WELL... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE MAX I'M GLAD I'M A FREAK TOO...
YOU ARE A FREAK TOO ANNE?
... YES MAX... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT WE MET IN THE CIRCUS... I CAME THERE TO APPLY FOR A JOB MYSELF... AS A FREAK... LIKE YOU...
LOOK MAX-- SHE HAS A THIRD EYE! AN EYE IN THE BACK OF HER HEAD...
...WHEN I 'SAW' HIM COMING I TURNED AND JUDO-CHOPPED HIM IN THE GUTS... HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM...
I'M SORRY ANNE ... WE BOTH ARE... YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE VIOLENCE... IT'S HARMFUL TO DISTURBED PERSONS...
... AND YOU WERE RIGHT TOO MAX... YOU CAN'T CHEAT PEOPLE OUT OF ENTERTAINMENT JUST BECAUSE OF A FEW ALREADY DISTURBED PERSONS...
...BUT PEOPLE LIKE TOM HENDERSHOT... PEOPLE WHO ARE DISTURBED... WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT THEM ANNE?...
YOU PUT THEM IN ASYLUMS... YOU TRY TO HELP THEM... BUT IF YOU CAN'T, IF THERE'S NO OTHER WAY...
... WELL... YOU JUDO-CHOP THEM IN THE GUTS!...

# The Vampire

has become the single most important character in illustrated horror stories! the Horror-Mood frequently presents tales of horror and suspense featuring vampires; Just one of a million reasons why you should read SCREAM, NIGHTMARE, and PSYCHO! there are VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES GHOULS, CREEPS, FIENDS, CORPSES, DEAD THINGS, and UNDEAD THINGS in every issue! The best bargain on the newstand only 75¢

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1862, CAPTAIN SILAS CREDEMORE AND HIS CREW OF MERCILESS BILGE-SCUM, EASED THEIR CRAFT INTO A SMALL, TRANQUIL COVE IN NEW GUINEA.
TELL THEM THAT WE HAVE COME IN PEACE-- --AS FRIENDS.
TELL THEM TO TAKE THESE OFFERINGS... ...FOR WE ARE THEIR BROTHERS!
THERE, THEY BEFRIENDED THE NAIVE INHABITANTS, AND WAITED TO SPRING THE TRAP THAT WOULD ENSLAVE THEM!
EUGENIO CAPRERIZO
THEY MINGLED WITH THE NATIVES -- PLAYED WITH THEIR CHILDREN -- ROMANCED THE VILLAGE BEAUTIES...
THE CLAWS OF DEATH!!
...BUT THEY WERE IGNORANT OF THE JUNGLE WAYS AND HIDDEN SECRETS, AND KNEW NOTHING OF THAT VOLUPTUOUS NUBIAN DRYAD WHO DWELT AMONG THE VINES. FOR ONLY SHE KNEW THE GRISTLY FUTURE BEYOND...
BWANNAI BTSOOK KIWANLY TAZORG RUPLSONAI BARTOK MARABO WAGUUNAI! --
--SARRAG-TUA!!
HE SAYS THAT WE SHALL BE HIS GUESTS AT THE FEAST OF SARRAG-TUA... THE GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE.
WE ARE THE FRIENDS OF HIS PEOPLE, AND IT IS HIS GIFT TO US.
MY HUMBLE THANKS, CHIEF WATIETA!
THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
THE OLD FOOL HAS PLAYED INTO MY HANDS!!... ...WE SHALL CAPTURE THE ENTIRE TRIBE AT THE FEAST!
THEY'LL BRING A GOOD PRICE IN THE MARKETPLACE!!

written by ED FEDORY
illustrated by TONY CABRERIZO

THE *ORANGE* SUN REACHES ITS ZENITH OVER THE TANGLED, GREEN JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA WHILE THE TATTOO OF HEAVY *SKINNED DRUMS* IS CARRIED ON THE HUMID AIR.!

BWOOM

BBWOOOM

BWAAAMM

EACH WEIGHTY BEAT, BECKONS THE VILLAGERS FROM THE FIELDS TO THE *FEAST* OF *SARRAG-TUA!*

AT THE SAME TIME, WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE *KING'S* THRONE...

HAVE YA EVER SEEN SUCH *LOVELIES* AS THESE, RIGGS??

AYE, CAP'N.! THERE SURE TA BRING THEIR VERY WEIGHT IN *GOLD!*

*BLESS YOUR CUNNING HEART, CAP'N CREDEMORE!*

*HA HA HA HA HAAAA*

YOU'LL DO *NOTHING* 'TIL *I* ACT.!

AYE, CAP'N.!

IF THE VILLAGERS *SUSPECT* ANYTHING... IF THEY *SCENT* OUR *PURPOSE*...

NONE'S TO *ACT* UNTIL *YOU* DO

*WE ARE LOST!*

THE *DRUMS* BEGIN... SLOWLY... INCREASING IN RHYTHM... RACING TO A *FEVERISH* PACE AS *FRENZIED*, LITHE BODIES RESPOND TO THEIR *HAUTING SOUNDS.!*

BOOOMM WAABBOMM

KABBOOOM

BOOOMM

WABOOMMM

*MUD MEN*, SIR.!

THEY ARE THE TRIBAL *PRIESTS*...

...THEY WEAVE A BASKET OF RIVER REEDS AROUND THEIR *HEADS*, AND THEN CAKE THEM...

...WITH *MUD!*

BWAANAI TARTOK...

...ZEAANOI BWTAK KALLAG...

WHAT THE HELL IS HE SAYING, *NOW?!!*

THEY WILL APPEAR SOON, AND CALL THE GODDESS *SARRAG-TUA* FROM HER *JUNGLE DWELLING.!*

THE DANCERS LEAVE AS THE DRUMS FALL MUTE. ONLY THE SCRATCHING SOUND OF GNARLED WOOD SCRAPING THE GROUND OVERCOMES THE SILENCE!
SEE...
...THEY DRAW THEIR SACRED CIRCLE IN THE DIRT!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT SUPPOSED T'DO?!
IT IS TO SET THEM OFF FROM THE OTHERS...
...TO ENABLE THEM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE VIRGIN GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE
AS THE SACRED CIRCLE IS COMPLETED, THE MUD-MEN RAISE THEIR ARMS TOWARD THE SKIES...THE STRANGE, GUTTURAL CHANTS BEGIN...
BANTAKKI FANTAKKI WALLAG WALLAKII WALLAKII SARRAG-TUA!
SARRAG-TUA SARRAG-TUA!!
THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE GREEN, DANK JUNGLE VIBRATES WITH THEIR CALLS...
...WALLAKII SARRAG-TUA WALLAKII...
...WALLAKII!!
SUDDENLY, AS THE CHANTS CEASE...
IGNA WALLAKII!! SHE COMES!!

THE MUD-MEN FALL SILENT IN WONDER... THEN, RAISE THEIR COLLECTIVE VOICE TO HERALD HER COMING.

IGNA WALLAKKI!

IGNA WALLAKI...

IGNA --

SARRAG-TUA!!

THEY SAY SHE IS COMING.

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'!! JUST A PACK OF HEATHEN RUBBISH!

IF THIS "GODDESS" IS COMIN'... WHERE IS SHE?!

SNAAP

SHE GLIDES THROUGH VINES AND PADS OVER SOFT MOSSES. AS SHE BREAKS FROM THE JUNGLE EDGE, HER FOLLOWERS KNEEL IN WORSHIP AND ADORATION!!

LUSCIOUS HIPS GENTLY SWAYING BENEATH HER LOINCLOTH... WEIGHTY BREASTS HEAVING SLIGHTLY AS SHE DRAWS EACH FEMININE BREATH... SHE CUTS A STRIKING FIGURE IN HER BEATY...

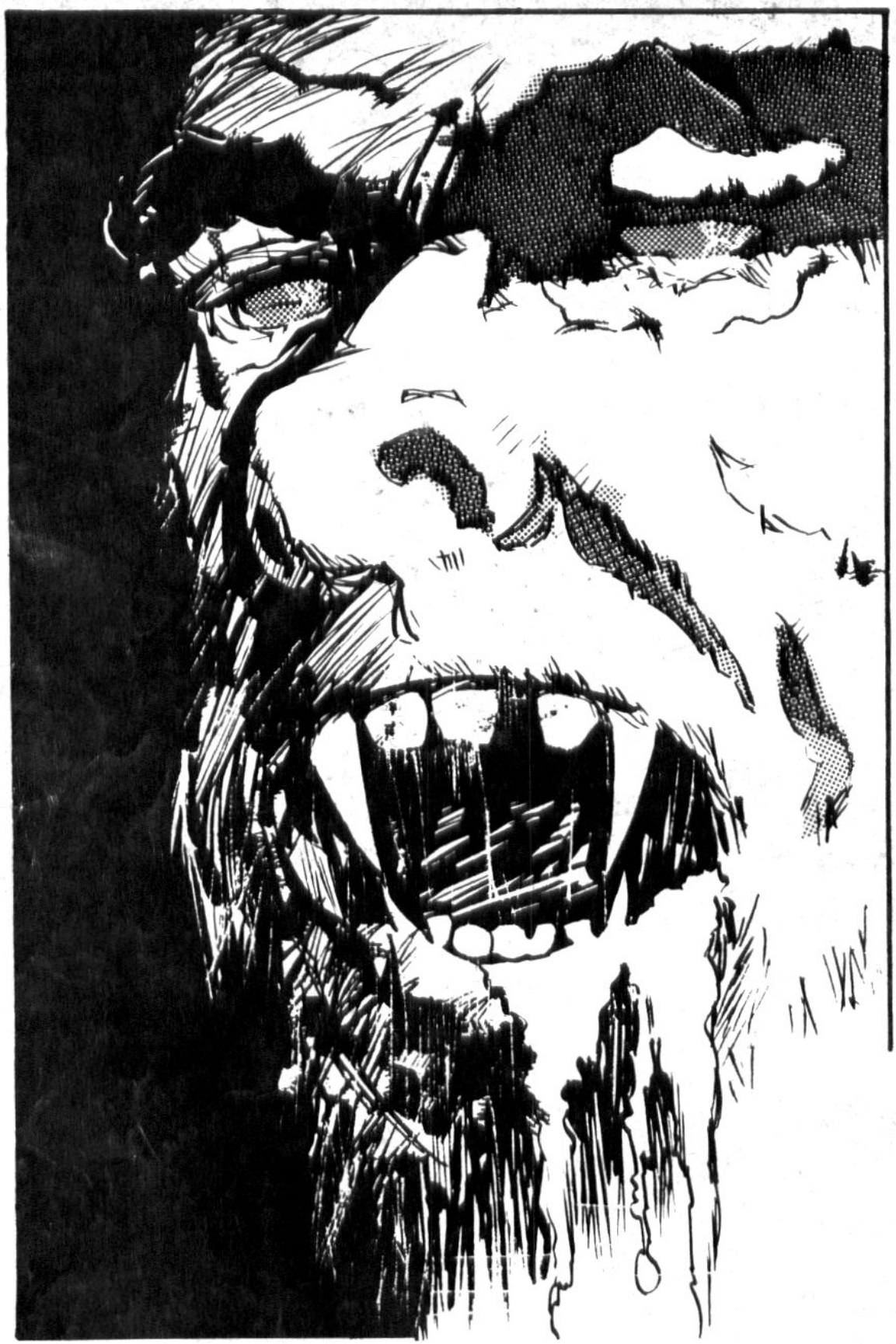
EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...

A FACE, NOT OF A WOMAN, BUT OF A GREAT SABLE CAT!!
MY GAWD!!... ...WILLYA LOOK ATTER FACE!!
I, WHO SPEAK IN THE TONGUE THAT ALL UNDERSTAND
...WOULD SPEAK TO MY PEOPLE OF THEIR GUESTS!!
THEY WANT YOUR WOMEN... DESIRE TO ENSLAVE YOUR CHILDREN!!
THEY WILL BRING POOR TIMES TO THE NOBLE ASARO VILLAGERS!!
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
THEY HAVE COME TO YOU WITH PROMISES... ...AND WILL TAKE YOU AWAY... ...IN CHAINS!!
I'M GONNA PUT AN END TO THIS RUBBISH... ...NOW!!

IN A FLASH OF MOVEMENT, THE REVOLVER IS DRAWN AND RAISED. THE TRIGGER IS CLENCHED IN A SPASM OF HATE, SENDING A LEAD ANGEL OF DEATH SCREECHING TOWARD ITS TARGET.!!
BLAM!
CAST THEM FROM YOUR HUTS.!! TELL THEM TO-- GRRAAGGHHH
DIE!!... ...YOU PAGAN GODDESS!!... DIE!!
MY PEOPLE.!!... ARRAGHHH
BEFORE YOU, MY PEOPLE KNEW HAPPINESS-- NEVER AGAIN.!!
FROM NOW ON THEY'LL KNOW THE BITE OF THE CHAINS... AND THE TASTE OF THE LASH.!
BLAM
BLAM
WITH HER LAST SURGE OF FLEETING STRENGTH, SHE REACHES TO DIG HER CLAWS INTO THE THROAT OF HER EXECUTIONER!!
HA HA HA HA AA
BLAM!

WHILE THE MEN BEGIN HERDING THE NATIVES TO SHIP, TAKE OFF THAT WOMAN'S MASK...
...I WANT TO LOOK UPON THE FACE THAT DARED DEFY ME!!
AFTER AN EXTREME EFFORT...
THERE IS NO MASK, CAP'N.!
THIS IS HER HEAD!!
SO BE IT!!...
...SPAWN OF HELL THAT SHE WAS!
LET US AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE SOMETHING EVIL BEFALLS US!
WITHIN THE HOUR, THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN HERDED TO THE WHITE BEACH. SOON, THEY WILL BE BREATHING THE FETID STENCH THAT RIDDLES THE DARK, FESTERING HOLD.
CHAIN THEM WELL!
AND WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE KNOCK THE MUD FROM THEIR HEADS!
Y'CAN'T SELL MEN LOOKIN' LIKE THAT!!
YYAA!!! GOD IN HEAVEN, SAVE US!!!! STAY BACK!! STAY BACK!! AARRRRGGHH
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOIN' DOWN THERE?!!

THE LONG, HIDEOUS SCREAMS END, FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF SCRATCHING NAILS ON WOOD... SUDDENLY..
NO!! STAY AWAY FROM ME!! STAY AWAY!!
HAD CAPTAIN SILAS CREDEMORE KNOWN MORE ABOUT THE RELIGIOUS RITES OF THE ASARO VILLAGE...
NNOOOOO NNOOOOOOO!!!
BWAAMM
BWAAMM
BLAAMMM
CLIK CLIK CLIK
...HE WOULD OF KNOWN WHY THE MYSTERIOUS MUD-MEN COULD CALL SARRAG-TUA FROM HER JUNGLE DWELLING
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS A PIECE OF KNOWLEDGE HE LEARNED...
...TOO LATE!!



## *THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!*

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!